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The Treasury's Yo-Yo

Aneurin Bevan, resigning in April 1951, said: 'May I be permitted, in passing, to give a word of advice to my colleagues in the Government? Take economic planning away from the Treasury; they know nothing about it.' He could have gone on to add that equally little is known about the working of the Treasury itself other than the pervasive influence of its incompetence. Permitting the Treasury to keep its methods to itself probably would be no loss to the aggregate of Britain's arithmetical skills – assuming its apparent ability to get sums wrong is genuine. However, the persistent bias in its oscillating projections this year has shaped the terms of the debates on public expenditure cuts and so hastened unemployment's spiral. For these reasons alone, the Treasury's performance this year really needs an explanation. It is approaching the stage where the Treasury is in need of a man, like Ronald Ziegler, sufficiently thick-skinned to drone 'All previous statements are inoperative'. Joe Haines's charges on one side, there has always been ample opportunity for the Treasury to pre-empt political choices by cooking the evidence; correspondingly, there is every evidence that the Treasury has had no qualms in doing just that – whether to press a statutory incomes policy or to rebalance the mixed economy in favour of private ownership.

In alliance with the international monetary establishment, the shaft of Treasury policy has been to convince the Government that the common target of growth based on manufacturing exports is impossible without the public sector being retrenched to take advantage of this Godot-like world boom. A reduction in the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement was the primary pre-requisite of their campaign. The PSBR's reckless size in the eyes of the Treasury at the beginning of 1976 was at once a measure of this imbalance between the public and private sectors, a fan to inflation and a cause of discouragingly high interest rates. Without a policy of cuts, that self-perpetuating and apolitical oligarchy called international confidence would crumble – and along with it the pound. It also happens that MPs in both political parties opposed to cuts accused Treasury officials of promoting them abroad as a political solution. No investigation followed these accusations.

Instead, on each occasion that the Treasury felt moved to round on its scapegoat of public sector jobs, two trite statistics were trotted out purportedly showing that public expenditure was touching 60 per cent of the gross national product and that the PSBR for this year would be £12,000m. Subsequently, after Phase Three of the cuts in December, it became clear that both these figures, central pillars of Treasury prejudice, are wrong. The size of the public sector was overestimated due to what one Treasury official blithely described as 'double counting' and now it emerges that this year's PSBR has been miscalculated by at least £2,000m. and maybe overestimated by as much as 25 per cent on the figures touted during the spring and the summer.

Thus by a timely 'farrago' of mathematical manipulation and gloomy leaks to the press the Treasury has pushed through its depressive policy, even though at the time the EEC Commission's report reached less alarmist PSBR predictions which could only have been calculated on the basis of evidence provided by the Treasury. The Treasury was thus revealed as capable of telling one thing to the EEC and another to its own Government. Moreover, just prior to the December IMF negotiations, its yo-yo arithmetic bumped up next year's PSBR prediction by a cool £2,000m. to £11,000m. The Treasury's civil servant Denis Healey has swallowed it all.

By the April Budget the welfare state will have been duly rolled back and income tax cuts announced. There is no combination of policy more characteristic of Toryism. But whatever the TUC's position on the restoration of the cuts, the Treasury have won a pyrrhic victory. By crying wolf once too often they have discredited themselves to the cabinet, abused the powers of the civil service and – let us hope for the last time – demonstrated that they are the most powerful men in Britain.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Labour without Crosland

When the news came that Anthony Crosland had suffered a stroke and was unlikely to be able to return to politics, the immediate reaction in Westminster was – who on earth is going to replace him? Many people to whom I have spoken have expressed dismay that the question of the succession should be raised so soon – they thought it was ghoulish to talk in such a way about a sick man. But it is, in a sense, a tribute to Crosland. That he played a central role in the Government no one denies. But he was also a key figure – even if he did not hold a key office – in the Labour Party. Now there is a profound crisis – in the cabinet, in the Government, in the party. It is a crisis both of politics and of personality.

In 1974, when Labour returned to power, it did so with an exceptionally experienced team. Indeed it seemed to many commentators as if they had all the stars. But all that has changed over the last year. Harold Wilson has opted for a notorious retirement; Roy Jenkins has been eased out; Barbara Castle has been sacked. Now that Labour has lost Crosland, the gaps in the team are beginning to appear. It is true that Jim Callaghan still has, in Shirley Williams, one of the most popular politicians in the country; in Denis Healey, one of the most energetic; in Tony Benn, the most brilliant bogeyman. True, too, that Michael Foot remains at the centre of the web. Yet as an emergency reshuffle is planned, it must be painfully obvious to the Prime Minister that his room for manoeuvre is much less than he had anticipated when he allowed Jenkins to go. The newly-shaped cabinet will, before very long, have to convince an increasingly fractious electorate that they are precisely the right team for the job. Many of them are scarcely known to the public at large. Others are only too well known.

In the party, the gap left by Crosland is of historic significance. The heirs of Gaitskell are few and far between. One Tory MP told me this week how he had shared a taxi with Gaitskell and asked him: 'If you ever form a government, who will be your new men in the cabinet?' The reply consisted of four names: Donnelly, Wyatt, Jenkins and Crosland. If the departure of Jenkins depressed those Labour supporters who subscribed to his view of social democracy, how much more so will the removal of Crosland? It is not a question of the threat of infiltration, or the fear of a Marxist putsch – apprehensions which have anyway been very much exaggerated and distorted. Rather it is a matter of the loss of morale in that section of the party which Crosland represented.

He insisted latterly that he was a man not of the Right but of the Centre. In the recent economic debate, it was as much his notion of the correct strategy as that of Shore and Benn which came under attack. It was an eerie experience watching the television reconstruction of the cabinet meetings, and seeing Crosland/Peter Jenkins yield the argument not on merit but out of political considerations. Whether Crosland would have thought the representation (which was certainly highly sympathetic) unfair, I do not know. For a man who always had great admirers and supporters in the press, he struck me as curiously bitter about the way he was customarily portrayed in the newspapers. Part of the bitterness dated from the special conference on the Common Market, in April 1975, when he fell foul of the more ardent pro-Marketeers. But there was also, I suspect, a deeper reason.

Of all the talented politicians Labour has produced, you might think that he had the greatest reason for self-satisfaction: his books, his international reputation, his long record in important ministries. And yet he spent much time desiring this man's art and that man's scope, with what he most enjoyed contented least. He seemed to envy Callaghan his skill in party matters, his working-class origins, the place he held as it were in the culture of the party. He was keen to emulate this. Whereas Roy Jenkins, for instance, used to choose PPSs for their congenial company and similarity of interests (so that he was often ill-served in parliamentary party matters), Crosland looked for people unlike himself. He recently advised a reporter that he would learn nothing about the true nature of the Labour Party until he cultivated the company of such people as his own PPS, Peter Hardy. The true Labour Party spirit was a rather conservative trade-unionism, in other words, which was quite distinct from the brio of the Welsh valleys, or the conscience of Camden.

And yet that spirit of conservative trade-unionism never returned the compliment by electing Crosland to the NEC, or by voting him into party office. He did not like to be reminded of this, or of his ill-advised announcement that he would stand for party treasurer at the time when it was thought that Callaghan might leave politics and join the IMF. These were mere tactical matters, he said, and nothing to do with broad strategy. But there is no doubt that he wanted to be loved by conference, and that he was disappointed in this ambition.

One charge which needled him more than any other (because it was quite often made, and not true) was that of laziness. It is bitterly ironical to mention it now. I once quoted such an accusation in this column, and very much regretted it later, when shown his timetable for a typical week. Indeed, the way he put it, an obsession with work was one of his chief vices. Nevertheless, the misconception continued. It sprang partly from an element in his manner, which seemed to say – I can't be bothered with that. It continued to be felt during his handling of the Rhodesian talks, whose sudden collapse took him by surprise before he had made the personal intervention he had been planning.

Yet one has only to look at the qualities required of his successor to see how much he was doing and how difficult he will be to replace. If the burden of responsibility is to fall on Healey's shoulders, either now or in the summer, then the choice of Chancellor will have to be made from a very limited field. It would, of course, be perfectly possible for Callaghan to play safe with the Treasury in appointing Edmund Dell, and one may expect that Healey himself, if he is to move, will argue for this. However, it must weigh on Callaghan's mind that Dell is an uninspiring public speaker; his reputation as a Treasury man hardly endears him to the parliamentary party; the team might look respectable, but it would hardly have much gloss. If the obvious alternative, Peter Shore, is not the favoured candidate of the Right, he nevertheless has a following within the party and is well-known throughout the country. He is apparently somewhat backpedalling in his present job, and would, if nominated be ready to serve. The Manifesto Group might consider his appointment an unfriendly act, though they may well thereby overestimate his radicalism. The EEC may also baulk at the prospect.

There is a feeling at the moment, which is only partially articulated in Westminster, that the sands may be running out for this Government. The parallel of 1951 has been suggested: the tiredness is certainly there, with a sense of frustration over the legislative process. A proper reshuffle now, a new Chancellor, new Foreign Secretary and new consequential changes in ministerial appointments, must seem like the devil of a nuisance. For instance, it will be resented no doubt if yet another Education Secretary is moved on; it might be felt unfair to give a new Chancellor a budget which will largely have been worked out by Healey. There are endless reasons for keeping the changes to a minimum, and playing safe.

But there is an overwhelming reason for an imaginative reshuffle. Callaghan did not appoint his team from scratch. He had to work within given parameters. Now, he should turn a catastrophe into an opportunity for renewal.

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Jonathan Dimbleby

Nyerere's Fight with Kenyatta

You would almost think (with so much talk of tragedy) that the mourners of the western world shed real tears at the imminent demise of the East African Community. But the crocodiles are at it again: much weeping, more snapping. They see the matter clearly enough – of course – an open and shut case: you grieve for Kenya, stoic of East Africa, goaded beyond endurance, and you upbraid those rapacious socialists of Tanzania, who have destroyed a Community and, which is worse, impounded a battalion of tourist buses – filled with Americans, no less. At the risk of distorting this 20:20 vision of African affairs perhaps reality should intervene.

In their colonial wisdom, the British had operated a system of common services for Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika for much of this century, which as you would expect, served the white man well. Twenty-five years ago, the rhetoric of liberation among the new nations of Africa was suspicious of such colonial fetters. But President Nyerere (who had a clarity of vision which much irritated the old 'free' world) judged that a federation of the three states after independence would be natural and proper. He had already formed the inconvenient opinion that majority rule was not enough; that the new nations of Africa would not be truly free until they had escaped the economic apron strings of the industrialised world. To this end, his passion (which so disturbs pragmatic men) was, and is, the unity of Africa.

The Federation was a means to that end. To facilitate it he even proposed to the British that they should delay his independence and hasten that of Uganda and Kenya, so that all three states could march towards unity together – to no avail. Discussions continued. Indeed, by 1964 when all were independent, Nyerere even postponed the union of Tanganyika to Zanzibar, which then became Tanzania, in the hope that Kenya would join their Federation. No luck. But hope still sprung. By 1966, Uganda's President, Milton Obote (another socialist for whom later more crocodile tears would fall) was eager. So, together, the presidents of Uganda and Tanzania called upon the President of Kenya. Let us now federate, they urged, for the sake of African unity. You, Jomo, are the most powerful among us, your country is the richest, you should have the principal part, you should be our leader, our president, the symbol of our union.

It was a rare gesture but Kenyatta declined – sitting, however, to admonish them with the words he is said to have used to dismiss a group of East African MPs, who had urged the same course upon him: 'You are very foolish. You find me – a hungry man – eating from a small dish, and before I have had enough, you offer to remove that dish and put before me a bigger one.'

It was not simply that Kenya could do very nicely without federation. Kenyatta was (and is) a tribal man understanding tribal power. Kenya was his fiefdom, the citadel from which he would gaze out upon the continent with caution and cunning. They, the romantics, could talk of Pan-Africa and he would smile and nod, and see a plot. What was it in for them? Would they usurp him? Or raise him to such exalted heights that he would loose the reins of power in Kenya to be grabbed by Tom Mboya's

'And don't be so gloomy . . . after all, it's not that awful. You know what the fellow said . . . in Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed – they produced Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love, five hundred years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock.'

– Harry Lime in 'The Third Man'

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hands? African unity was not a subject that the Old Man could easily digest and the Federation was thwarted.

The East African Community, the offspring of that distrust, was ushered onto the world stage, without much joy, in 1967. From the start, the common services – railways, ports, posts and telecommunications, shipping, airline – were common largely in name. Kenya, much the richest partner, already had better communications, more facilities, greater resources and much more power. The legal niceties of the Community's constitution, carefully designed to apportion power and responsibility equally between the principal cities, could not tilt the balance. Starting in front, Kenya was destined to go even further ahead.

After ten years the common services have – for Kenya – served their purpose. Future benefits would have to favour the other partners disproportionately to be fair – and those who rule Kenya today are not overburden with that kind of moral sensibility.

The petty rows, the insults, the mutual bloody-minded non-cooperation of the last few months (from their respective newspapers you would think, erroneously, that the people of Kenya and Tanzania are doing to each other what Amin does to Ugandans) are the symptom of a delayed – much too delayed – reaction by Tanzania to a carefully organised coup by Kenya, a smash-and-grab in slow motion, which by last summer had left the railways, the ports, the post and telecommunications, communal services only on paper. But there were still the boats on Lake Victoria and the airline to go.

Still clinging to unity, President Nyerere thought that reason could prevail. He paid a visit to Kenyatta. Did Jomo really want to end the unity they had founded together? My dear Julius, what a suggestion, no, of course not. Well then, we are the presidents, we have the power, we can hold it together. Let us instruct our officials to cease their wrangling. Let us discuss our problems in orderly fashion. I, Julius, will come to you as often as you like. Together we can master-mind our rapprochement.

Jomo agreed. Three days later, on 16 August, Kenya seized the boats on Lake Victoria. Four down, one to go. Nyerere has not seen Kenyatta since.

By now the problem was not so much Kenyatta – lonely and old, above the fray – but those to whom he had delegated all responsibility in return for absolute loyalty to his absolute power. These lieutenants (who have grown fat on the spoils of neo-colonialism, or, as the *Daily Telegraph* puts it, display 'a happy acceptance of the Western way of life'), apparently did not feel it necessary to inform their president that they had grounded the Community's airline, judging, presumably, that he would not wish to know. As it was, within hours of the 'sudden' collapse of East African Airways, the spanking new Kenya Airways signs were up at the airport, and their first plane ready to take off – so there was no need to make a fuss about it, was there?

So Tanzania, after ten years of Community life, will now have to find no one yet knows how many tens of millions of pounds to develop her own services – her ports, her airways, her airline.

Yet it is more profound than that. The 'crooks' (as they are unceremoniously dismissed at State House in Dar es Salaam) who are now running Kenyatta's Kenya have their own vision of the future. It does not accord with that of Tanzania. The Kenyans are content to permit the survival of the Community's Common Market by which they enjoy a trade surplus with Tanzania, their most important single export market, of more than £50m. President Nyerere would change that, but, more dangerous, he dreams of a network of industries within the Community, providing those basic goods (cement, fertiliser, and so on) which at the moment must be imported from abroad, which cost scarce foreign exchange, and reliance upon which extends indefinitely the Community's dependence upon the Western world.

But Kenyans like things as they are, and so do the Western mourners (their hold on the continent still intact). Between them they will not willingly permit the notion of African unity or African freedom to stand in their way. For the moment they have won. And so, while President Nyerere contemplates the wreckage of a dream, blocks the border in final frustration, and wonders with whom to build the future now, the crocodiles will weep and weep again.

Dar es Salaam

Alexander Cockburn

Jimmy Carter's Flying Bunker

'To let,' as he put it, 'our nation know what the existing threat of nuclear war might be,' President Carter flew home to Georgia last weekend in the NEACP. It is hard to get your tongue round these letters, so jovial Pentagon press spokesmen called it 'knee-cap'; in fact the letters stand for National Emergency Airborne Command Post. The American people were probably not much more sensible of the horrors of nuclear holocaust and the folly of the arms race after Carter's publicising trip, but 'knee-cap' does vouchsafe us a pleasant glimpse of how the Pentagon mentality operates.

To start simply, the NEACP, or knee-cap, or – as some defence buffs have called it – the Flying Fuehrerbunker is a converted Boeing 747 stuffed with electronic gear and advanced gadgetry of all sorts. In the event of impending conflict it will immediately take off and fly about, bearing the President (assuming he has managed to get to Andrews Air Force Base in time) and high military and civil advisers. With the help of the gadgetry the inhabitants of the Flying Fuehrerbunker will be in touch with American and presumably allied forces around the globe as well as civil authorities coping as best they can on *terra firma*.

The Flying Fuehrerbunker, or NEACP, is part of a Pentagon programme initiated in 1972 called the AABNCP. Back in the Defence Budget for the fiscal year 1975 the then Defence Secretary James Schlesinger (now Carter's Energy Adviser) said breezily that 'The AABNCP programme, as currently planned, would be pursued in several stages geared to our growing understanding of the command and control problem in a nuclear war environment'. The only thing he forgot to explain was what AABNCP actually stood for. (At a guess, Advanced Airborne National Command Post.) Be that as it may, the phrase to fix on in the slab of Pentagonese quoted above is 'the command and control problem'.

In pre-AABNCP days the President was only allowed a wretched EC-135, or Boeing 707. Nixon used occasionally to fly around in it. But so inferior were the electronics in the EC-135 that there was no ADP system capable of being compatible with the ground-based WWMCCS ADP system. And without these aids the supreme commander was more or less helpless. As a matter of fact the NEACP in which Carter flew to Plains still has not got an ADP system compatible with a ground-based WWMCCS ADP system; but no one pointed that out and these things take time anyway.

You see, WWMCCS stands for Worldwide Military Control and Command System; ADP stands for Automatic Data Processing. The proposition is that impending and actual conflict will produce such a flood of information from US forces around the globe that only trusty ADP will prevent total screw-up. Now, obviously, if you have an ADP system operating with the ground-based WWMCCS, you need an ADP in the Flying Fuehrerbunker to keep abreast of events too.

But as Schlesinger gracefully phrased it:

> Unfortunately, the ground ADP equipment cannot be used directly in the AABNCP air-

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craft because that equipment has not been designed for aircraft operations. Also further research must be done on shielding airborne computers against nuclear effects, particularly when the aircraft is airborne. Finally, we have yet to formulate precisely which portions of the WWMCCS ground data base are actually required in the AABNCP. This would depend largely on how one would conceive the NCA function aboard the NEACP aircraft and the SAC commander's function aboard the SAC airborne command post.

You may wonder how the SAC has suddenly got in on the act. There will, when the programme is completed in 1983, actually be six Fuehrerbunkers. The NEACP will have three of them at its disposal: one on the tarmac, one in reserve and one in maintenance: the Strategic Air Command will enjoy the same privileges. Gazing forward to the glorious hour when the Flying Fuehrerbunker would be equipped with an airborne ADP system Schlesinger boasted that 'it [the Fuehrerbunker] can thus acquire the latest data as long as the ground-based system continues to function'. Thereafter, he continued bleakly, 'it would have to operate in a manual mode, using whatever data is already aboard . . .' There is, of course, the problem what would happen if the President misses the plane. Not so long ago Carter ordered a test-run of helicopter evacuation of himself and top aides from the White House to Andrews Air Force Base, where the Fuehrerbunker always waits in a state of readiness. He hurried, but the test ran disastrously behind the required schedule.

There is another problem. Suppose the Fuehrerbunker heaves itself aloft, with the President aboard, and then finds landing impossible owing to 'hostile interdiction of available airfields' (bombing). Without refuelling, my Pentagon informant told me, the Fuehrerbunker containing 80 people could fly for 12 hours. You could assume that in all likelihood mutual assured destruction (the official designation explaining the nuclear 'balance' of terror) would have occurred by then. But if the conflict is prolonged, the Fuehrerbunker can fly for 72 hours so long as it is refuelled by flying tankers.

So this is the state of play: the AABNCP programme has so far produced three Boeing 747s, officially called E-4As which merely contain the electronic equipment of the old EC-135s. Carter flew to Plains in one of these. Precisely one E-4B is now under contract. This will contain the exciting new airborne ADP capability. Two further E-4Bs are envisaged. Then the first three E-4As will be 'retrofitted' to make them into E-4Bs. The whole programme will cost $898m.

This apparently makes the Flying Fuehrerbunkers the most expensive planes in history. Carter now says he is planning to call 'some surprise alerts' to test defence readiness. Given the possibilities for confusion inside the WWMCCS and among all the ADPs this will certainly lead at once to holocaust. Thus the American people (and everyone else) will learn at first hand about [illegible] existing threat of nuclear [illegible].

New York

Paul Davies

Bullock Among the Europeans

The Bullock Committee's now notorious terms of reference required it in framing its report to take account of, among other things, experience with employee representatives on the board in the countries of Europe. It was on this subject that the committee commissioned its only, hastily done, piece of research, and the committee itself trotted off to Germany and Sweden last summer. In Sweden, it is reported, the committee absorbed much information whilst sitting in the sauna with the chairman of the Swedish State Holding Company. In Germany the members were rushed helter-skelter from Düsseldorf to the chancellery in Bonn by German police, who showed scant regard for the lives or property of the German citizenry, in order that the committee could be present at an early version of that performance now well known to British television viewers, the Helmut and Jim show.

Perhaps encouraged by the circulation of such stories, which, if they do nothing else, reinforce national stereotypes, most commentators in the past few weeks have been pretty unsophisticated in their handling of the European experience. Two favourite arguments have emerged. Some say that, because the British industrial relations system is, admittedly, different in various respects from those systems in Europe (themselves different from one another) that have employee representatives on the board, then (by way of gaping *non sequitur*) no conceivable system of employee representation could work in this country. Others say that we have only to introduce *in toto* the employee representation system from some successful European economy (usually Germany) and all the benefits of that economy miraculously will be transplanted as well. One has to be of only a mildly sceptical nature to have some doubts about this latter proposition.

This second argument is particularly misleading when it is implied that this notion, or something like it, lies at the basis of the Bullock majority recommendations. It is crucial to an understanding of the majority report to see that its aims have been defined as a result of a careful consideration of the defects of the present British system of joint regulation through collective bargaining; that its techniques for overcoming these defects have been carefully tailored for British conditions; and that the European experience is used by the majority in a sophisticated way and for limited purposes, as much by way of warning as by way of positive proposal to be adopted for British use.

As to aims, the majority's essential claim is to have found a gap in the present system of joint regulation. In large companies the day-to-day matters of industrial relations are pretty well covered by conventional collective bargaining. At national level the TUC discuss 'industrial strategy' with the CBI and the Government. But in between, corporate planning by companies in the private sector proceeds largely on the old unilateral model. Certainly, when corporate plans come to be implemented, their direct effects upon employment will be the subject of collective bargaining. But as anyone who has had to oppose the implementation of a plan which involves, say, the closing of a plant will affirm, it is a lot more difficult to build alternative strategies into a plan that is in the course of implementation than into one that is still on the drawing board. So as the majority say, the goal is to 'make the major policy decisions of companies the subject of joint regulation', in the hope of achieving the general benefits sketched out by Jack Jones two weeks ago (NS 4 February).

How to do it? The extension of collective bargaining would be one method, but it is difficult to see how the traditional sanctions of collective bargaining are going to operate at this level. The proposal from the GMWU for a 'general legal requirement on all employers obliging them to agree to the establishment of methods of discussion and agreement on strategic planning decisions' must look terribly vulnerable from a legal point of view. No legal system has found an effective way to enforce an obligation to agree without in the end stipulating what it is the parties ought to have agreed to. The beauty of employee representation on the board from this point of view is that it provides the representatives with a role in corporate planning by virtue of their institutional position as members of the board.

Or at least it will do, if the majority have got the institutional set-up right. This is where the European experience begins to be relevant, but only as tested, as the majority do test it, against the touchstone of the purpose for proposing such a scheme in Britain. Two contrasting examples of the majority's approach to the European experience can be seen in its handling of two central issues: the powers of the body on which the employees are to be represented and the composition of that body.

The first question has developed into the unitary board versus the twin board issue, which looks at first like a highly technical, corporate lawyer's point, but it is in fact crucial to the success of the whole scheme. British companies have a single board, the members of which may be executive (i.e. senior managers of its company) or non-executive (outsiders), currently all elected by the shareholders. In Germany, and certain other countries, companies *must* have two boards, one supervisory (consisting entirely of non-executives) and the other managing (consisting entirely of executives). The supervisory board appoints the members of the managing board, and the shareholders and the employees appoint, in various ways and in varying proportions

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under the different systems, the members of the supervisory board, so that the representational body is the supervisory board.

As the TUC originally thought, this looks like a neat way of distinguishing between a representative, policy-making, supervisory board and a technical, managing board for the implementation of policy laid down elsewhere. But it isn't, because this form of company structure, introduced in Germany long before employee representation on the board was enacted, and made mandatory for German companies by the Nazis in 1937, is designed, as German company law makes clear, not to take the formulation of policy away from the managing board but to ensure that both the formulation and implementation of policy shall be overwhelmingly the prerogative of the managing board with as little interference as possible from the supervisory board. Apart from the appointment of the members of the managing board, the supervisory board's main legal role is as a receiver of reports from the managing board as to what the latter has done or is about to do.

When employee representation was introduced in the aftermath of the second world war, it was simply latched on to the existing company structure and the German unions at that time were prepared to accept employee representation largely confined to the supervisory board. The arguments then were not so much concerned with an extension of joint regulation to corporate planning as with the need to prevent large companies financing a resurgent Nazi Party, or the need to prevent the reconcentration of German heavy industry, or the need to find a programme upon which the German unions, previously split into Catholic and Socialist sections, could unite.

The justification in Germany for the system may have changed in the course of time, but the Bullock majority were right to see that the location of the employee representatives on a board of such limited powers makes the German twin-board model an inappropriate one for the achievement of employee participation in corporate planning, at least where the company is not prepared voluntarily to concede such participation. They were right, moreover, to argue that any attempt to beef up the powers of the supervisory board destroys the rationale for having two boards at all. Far better to stick to the current British law of the unitary board, newly equipped with its 'attributed functions', as the place to locate the employee representatives. It is clear that those now arguing for supervisory boards in Britain are not concerned to make participation in corporate planning a reality but rather to give the employee representatives what the majority call the 'illusion of influence' by hiving them off to supervisory impotence.

On the issue of the composition of the board, on the other hand, the majority found a good deal to learn from German experience. Two schemes were introduced in Germany in the immediate post-war period, the one operating in the iron, coal and steel industries and giving the employees equal representation on the supervisory board with the shareholders (plus a neutral chairman); the other operating in all other industries and giving the employees only one third of the seats on the supervisory board. Even within the limited functions of the supervisory board the contrast in experience between the two schemes over the last quarter-century has been dramatic. Under the iron, coal and steel scheme the employee representatives played a full part in the activities of the supervisory board. Under the one-third scheme the employee representatives were often emasculated: out-voted, deprived of relevant information, and removed from the decision-making process which was often shunted off to committees of the board on which they did not sit, the employee representatives were in no position to bring about fundamental changes in the nature of decision-making on the supervisory board. Hence the Bullock majority's insistence on its '2x + y' formula, where x equals the number of employee or shareholder representatives and y a smaller number of further members coopted jointly by the 2x.

The Bullock majority report may not be absolutely the last word on how to introduce an effective system of employee representation on the board, and may need strengthening in places, though the disagreement of the minority on nearly every point and the vociferous opposition of the CBI are strong pieces of evidence that the majority have got it pretty well right. More important, the majority report is a highly intelligent and sophisticated contribution to the debate on the socialisation of private capital. It is, at a minimum, incumbent on those who disagree, whether engineers or electricians, to produce counter-arguments of equivalent quality.

Francis Bennion

The Libertine Trial

'Home on Leave', a strip cartoon in *Libertine 7*, particularly incensed the prosecution in last week's obscenity trial at Leicester. The burly RSM, newly arrived from Northern Ireland, greets his decrepit, wizened mum. She offers him oyster pie, and crumpet for afters. 'Tell me son, how was it in Ulster?' The bullock-stupid RSM replies: 'It was rough mum . . . there I was surrounded by them Micks, after my arse they was, so I cocks me automatic and POW! POW . . . hee! hee! . . . splattered her brain all over the place. That . . . hee! hee! . . . learned her!' A crude, troops-out, political cartoon, but there is something more. 'Crumpet for afters' means oral sex. The drawing is competent, and first time round the psychic shock tells. 'Melvin just loves his mum's hot crumpet' croons the balloon issuing from mum's thin lips as she lies outstretched on the kitchen table.

An Old Bailey jury might just take that sort of thing, but aren't attitudes less permissive in the provinces? In quick time and unanimously the Leicester jury put paid to that idea. They acquitted *Libertine*'s youthful editors and publishers, Arabella Melville Ph.D. and Colin Johnson, and the judge gave them their costs. They are free to go on running what Colin was proved to have called 'an improper little cottage industry'.

Libertine started in 1974 as a journal of period erotica, mainly Victorian and Edwardian. Colin and Arabella took it over after five issues as 'a labour of love and principle'. They kept the period erotica but added humour, current sex information, a readers' advice column and anything else their fertile imaginations could dream up. As Dr Bethlehem, one of their witnesses, put it, 'the magazine has a friendly air'.

It received an unfriendly response from the police when Colin and Bella cheekily opened a sex bookshop in Leicester's main thoroughfare, Granby Street. Within days, the shop was raided and 22 tons of magazines removed. Undeterred, the two went on producing and selling *Libertine*, helped by sympathetic printers and others willing to work for nothing in what they saw as an important cause. The entire printing of issue 10 was seized, so the young publishers reprinted most of it in issue 11. When indictments were drawn up they were reproduced in facsimile on the back of the current number, reprinted with the slogan 'There are no obscene words . . . there is no such thing as pornography.' David Barker QC, prosecuting at the trial, disagreed rather strongly.

The old attitude to sex, unchallenged at the passing of the Obscene Publications Act in 1959, was fully displayed by Mr Barker, the judge nodding approval. *Libertine*'s title page describes Bella (a Ph.D., B.Sc., of Birmingham University) as a consulting sexologist – 'whatever that means' said Mr. Barker scornfully. Of the Ulster strip-cartoon he asked: 'Would it be wrong to use the word vile?'

The defence called expert witnesses in support of the new attitude to sex. Maurice Yaffé, who contributed to the Longford Report and is writing a Ph.D. thesis on pornography, said *Libertine* is educational. Challenged over items on paedophilia, he told the court about 'victimology', a new subdiscipline of criminology which studies the contribution made by the victims of sex crimes to the events which happen to them. He thought it socially valuable to study sexual deviants, their fantasies and motivation. They are, after all, human beings. Mr Barker looked disbelieving. He showed the witness the cartoon of the RSM and his mum:

'Is that of educational value?'
'Yes, in the sense that it expresses taboo thoughts of incest.'
'Is that a desirable way of doing it?'
'Yes. It takes the heat out of the subject.'

Peter Webb, wearing more purple even

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than the judge, gave evidence as an art historian. His qualifications include authorship of a book on David Hockney. Mr Barker pounced, but Mr Webb parried. Hockney, he said firmly, is *not* an erotic artist. Many illustrations in *Libertine*, he insisted, were of artistic importance. Some originals are in the secret collections of the British Museum or the V. and A. It is difficult to view them there, Mr Webb said. Until recently they could only be seen if the Archbishop of Canterbury was present too. Other originals are in the erotic collection of the kings and queens of England at Windsor Castle. 'Will they,' asked John Mortimer, QC for the defence, 'be opened to the public as part of the jubilee celebrations?' The witness doubted it.

There were several points of legal interest in the *Libertine* trial. John Mortimer persuaded the judge to vary the normal rule under which the jury are kept in ignorance of the defence until the close of the prosecution case. When the prosecutor proposed to tell the jury what he thought of *Libertine* and then let them go away and read it, Mortimer objected. It was not fair that the jury should do their reading after having heard only one side. He cited the precedent of *Lady Chatterley*, when Gerald Gardiner QC (now Lord Gardiner) persuaded Mr Justice Byrne to allow the defence to have its say too. Mr Barker protested, but the judge conceded the point.

Further protests followed when Mortimer sought to produce his expert witnesses. In the 1976 case of *R.* v. *Jordan* the House of Lords ruled against the practice of calling experts to testify that pornography has a therapeutic value. Section 4 of the Obscene Publications Act lays down the 'public good' defence. Even though an article is obscene it may escape if the defence proves its publication is justified as being for the public good on the ground that it is in the interests of science, literature, art or learning, or of other objects of general concern. To say that sex therapy is an object of general concern might be true, in general terms. However, such an interpretation of Section 4 would alter the Act and largely deprive it of effect.

Mortimer argued that the evidence of Mr Yaffé and other experts should be admitted on the ground that publication of the material in the magazine was in the interests of *learning* (with some help from 'science' and 'other objects of general concern'). He accepted that *R.* v. *Jordan* prevented him saying porn was of medicinal value, like taking a pill ('nicely put' said the judge), but this was different. The judge accepted the argument, ruling that it was in the interests of learning for young people to find out 'that there are certain vices'. But there must be no question of teaching a new dog new tricks, he warned.

A third legal point concerned the question of readership. The Act lays down as a test of obscenity whether the magazine has a tendency to deprave and corrupt persons likely to read it. This makes it relevant to know what sort of people the readers are. 'Any sort of people' argued Mr Barker, citing the fact that the bookshop in Granby Street was open to all and sundry. It would not be right for the defence to hand-pick from thousands of readers just four or five who would make a good impression on the jury. In fact, that is exactly what they were allowed to do. At least, argued Mr Barker, they should be Leicester people. Even that restriction was denied him. 'Isn't NW6 Hampstead?' he demanded of one demure lady, as though the reading of licentious magazines was only to be expected of that notorious left-wing stronghold. 'I don't know' said the lady. 'You don't know? But you live there, don't you?' It turned out that Mr Barker had his notes wrong. The lady lived in W6.

This incident underlined the political angle of the trial. To some extent *Libertine* is political pornography. Like *Oz*, *IT* and other former underground magazines it attacks the Establishment by attacking its cherished institutions: monarchy, law, religion, marriage. Sex is an effective weapon because suppression of sexuality forms a central feature of establishment attitudes. Colin and Bella see sexual freedom as an important political issue.

The Government intends to set up a departmental committee on obscenity and film censorship. The terms of reference and composition of the committee are not yet known, but clearly it will have to decide whether the law should reflect the new or old attitudes to sex. The 'deprave and corrupt' test, coupled with the public good defence, means that juries rarely convict. There will be pressure on the committee to recommend tightening up the law, though some will argue that it is time to abandon attempts to restrict the reading matter of adults. Colin and Bella displayed in the window of their short-lived bookshop a poster saying: 'There is no reason why in 1975 Europeans should not be allowed to marry whom they want, to hear, see and read what they want, to travel abroad when and where they want. To deny that proposition is a sign, not of strength, but of weakness.' As Colin pointed out in his statement from the dock, the author of these sentiments was Sir Harold Wilson. He was addressing the Helsinki Conference at the time of the police raid on the *Libertine* bookshop. By their verdict, a local jury has proved that raid unjustified.

Keith Morfett

Juan Carlos's Guest

A little before 4 a.m. on Tuesday, 25 January, two days before my 50th birthday, I was being led downstairs into a netherworld of sunless cells and caverns that lies beneath the plaza in Madrid called Puerta del Sol. I was to remain there for three days and nights, mostly in solitary confinement and under the scrutiny of the Policia Armada, while their colleagues of the Brigada Social (known more widely as the political police) checked out my possible links with international terrorism.

The inside of Spain's Dirección General de Seguridad, known well enough to Basques and left-wing activists down the long years of the Franco era, is a place few foreigners get to see. This night was an exception: Italians, Argentinians, Lebanese, Cubans, Australians, Columbians and, as the Madrid papers would shortly be reporting, 'un Inglés' all would be sealed off in cells along the tunnels of that subterranean jail.

They put me in a great big parrot's cage. That's how it seemed to me, because the single bulb, kept burning night and day, was beamed in through a metal grid and all its squares, each magnified a hundred times, were thrown in shadow-patterns all across the walls and high-arched roof.

My reason for being on the streets at 2.25 a.m. was innocent enough. My two Australian guests, Ian and Alan Close, from Sydney, wanted to go out and drink beer; Australians are like that. From the German beer-house on the Plaza Santa Ana, we cut across towards an all-night bar within the market at Legazpi, on the city's southern side. On Santa Maria de la Cabeza a small white unmarked car pulled in. A youngish man came running from it straight towards us, his raincoat flapping open as he came. He gripped a light machine gun and he stopped, his feet apart, perhaps a yard or so in front of us. A second man came running then, one hand deep down and thrusting forward from the pocket of his coat. We joined them, at a gesture from the gun, for a break-neck ride across Madrid.

A few hours earlier, four lawyers and their clerk had been gunned down by a right-wing killer group upon Atocha, five minutes' walk from where our gunmen picked us up. 'Policia,' they said: we had our doubts but at this speed, I thought, we shan't be long finding out. We had no documents – an unwise way to move around Madrid at any time.

Halfway up the incline of the Rastro (the Petticoat Lane, by daylight, of the Spanish capital) our car pulled up amongst a warlike group of wire-meshed jeeps, the big lamps on their cab roofs splashing violet-coloured shapes, in semaphore, about abandoned market stalls. Four men, all armed and in civilian suits, came from the DGS to bring us in. My arms were jerked behind my back. They pressed around my wrists a set of handcuffs made – I felt quite sure of this – for dwarfs; my wrists were turning blue before they took them off again, inside the long red fortress block that dominates the centre of Madrid. They booked us in, and down we went, our spirits dropping with the temperature, the Close brothers now handcuffed together, just ahead of me.

There is a moment during one's descent inside the headquarters of Spain's security police – a Spaniard once described to me a similar sensation – when all hope of ever coming up again seems lost. I'm not sure if this is due to the oppressiveness of going

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to an underground imprisonment or, as one gets lower, the marked increase in sternness of the guards. Most likely, it's a mixture of the two. I find myself recalling something I had read the other day by Alfred Hitchcock, in which he described 'true suspense' as being present when 'the innocent individual sees himself trapped in something he is not able to control'. Well, I believe him.

Suspense came, too, from trying (unsuccessfully) to keep at bay the images now racing through my mind, based on the reputation among Spaniards of these cellars and the *grises* through whose hands so many prisoners, in the Franco years, have passed. The 'grey men', as Spaniards call the men of their Policia Armada; plain grey uniforms, pistol and stick at waist, a sombre badge sewn on to each right sleeve: black eagle, talons bared, a sort of halo round its head. The most politicised of all Spain's military or para-military formations, these elite riot-breakers were the Praetorian Guard of Franco's Spain.

That some of them, at least, may not be ready to forgo that role was now implied. Above ground-level, all office walls, all vestibules and charge rooms had new portraits of the King, Juan Carlos; that same half-wistful Bourbon smile Goya caught on Charles IV (half-witted in his case) and left upon the Prado's walls. Underground, Francisco Bahamonde Franco still presides. There, right above the chief guard's desk, right where we drop our trousers to be searched for hidden knives or razor blades, there is the *Generalissimo*, white sash across his chest, that same cool wholly-Spanish stare you meet in some lost village of La Mancha.

Each prisoner, waiting to be searched, must keep his face, and back, turned from the chief guard's desk, and maintain total silence, until his name is called. They stand us, one behind the other, each leaning his right shoulder to the wall. Name called, stand upright, turn about, approach the portrait on the wall . . . the body search begins.

While leaning on the wall, hearing the harshness in the *grise*'s sharp commands, the images come racing back. Basques claim they had their bare feet beaten with the *grises*' sticks; a Spanish communist, as I recall, jumped to his death up in the charge room, rather than come back down here; Eve Forrest, still awaiting trial in connection with the Carrero Blanco killing, has described these dungeons as 'a real Dante's *Inferno* . . .' (She was certainly wrong about the inferno; my cell was bloody cold.)

I think, well, all of this took place before the death of the *Caudillo*. There's surely room for comfort in that thought. I clutch at any indication of the Suarez government's concern to build a new and post-*Caudillo* image for its DGS; haven't they switched directors twice since Franco went? And wasn't this behind what happened next? We were led into the presence of a mournful-looking medico; he wore a soiled white coat and looked embarrassed by his one and only question: 'Do you bear upon your bodies any scars or marks?'

More than one motive could, of course, have lain behind the question; the two Australians, I see by their dejected looks, prefer the worst. All personal possessions are removed: keys, combs, notes, scarves and bootlaces, the lot. And so to bed: a solid lump, raised headpiece at one end, all covered, top to toe, with tiny coloured tiles. It looked like something from the cathedral at Granada. A thin plastic mattress and two blankets were quite unable to keep out the cold, the only way to cope with that was marching round and round in little rings beside the concrete bed. High up on the wall someone had scratched the single word *libertad*.

The scariest moments came the second night. They woke me up at 2 a.m. Put your boots on (these were kept outside the cell door); *Adelante*! And so we march down long and narrow tunnels, fluorescent-lit, across wide caverns all with black doors set in their walls at intervals, right and left according to instructions shouted from the *grises* behind me. By now, I think, we must be below Retiro Park, on the other side of town. Halt, at the door of a very large but empty cell. Unlike the one I left, this has a door made up of open bars. I am locked in. It has a king-sized concrete bed. Two or three hours later, they woke me up again, and simply marched me back to the same cell I started out from. I did not ask them why.

Another time, they took me to a room which had a solid, ancient metal seat high upon a dais; the seat was on a swivel – something, I thought, left over from the Inquisition. Get up. Keep still. The seat begins to spin, and then I hear a clicking noise and realise they are simply taking photographs, from every angle. They took me past a low, white table in the centre of a passageway; immediately above the table six large chromium arc lamps were set into the tunnel roof, all angled down towards the table. I did not ask what it was for but, back in my cell, felt uncomfortable trying to guess.

They took me up, in handcuffs, to see the small, sweet lady from the British consulate. A young man who came with her waved beneath my nose a rolled up copy of an Anglo-Spanish Treaty which, he said, proved they could not keep me beyond 72 hours without a proper charge. I wonder if the *grises*, down below, have ever read it.

The ceiling of my cell formed half an arch; this was because its roof held up the pavement of the Puerta del Sol. I could hear footsteps up on top. Listening to the man who sells the lottery-for-the-blind tickets and knowing where he stood helped me to get a 'fix' on my position. I reckoned I was almost exactly below the stone plaque on the outer wall that reads: 'On this same spot the patriots of Madrid rose up against the army of Napoleon.'

Working that out filled in some time, but then it dragged interminably, measured by the morning mug of steaming chocolate (all Spain is contradiction!) and, later on, the metal platters of bean soup and *chorizo*. Mostly, they left me entirely alone; nothing to read, and nothing to do but think.

Like the treaty said, after 72 hours of solitary (a bit short of the deadline, in fact) they let me go. Boots back on, blankets folded. *Adelante*! for the last time, through that whole white rabbit warren to where the former Sentinel of the West stares down upon the new arrivals, leaning on the wall.

Each of us gets a neat brown pouch of best quality Spanish leather; inside are our belongings. I see the older Australian, Ian, foolishly count out his coins; for just a moment I am convinced a *gris* is going to thump him. Seven Policia Armada men stand all about us in their heavy coats, right hand resting on the chest, supported by the top brass button, a group of little grey Napoleons. Each one now holds a large cigar in his left hand.

A different doctor, this time, without the off-white smock. A slightly different question, too: 'Have you any *golpes* to declare?' I explain to the Australians that *golpe* means 'a blow'. The grey Napoleons pull on their Cuban *Montecristos* and blow big rings about our heads. They and the doctor wait.

In that short pause, I wish I had a zipper bag I could have thrown apart crammed full with *golpes*: instead, I answer, truthfully (and feeling 14 eyes upon me): 'No *golpes* to declare, *Señor médico*.' This left only my passport to be put right; my last frontier stamp was weeks out of date. The form I filled in for this was a standard printed government sheet addressed formally to: The Director-General of Security. I signed below the last sentence: *Que Dios guarde a Vuestra Excellencia por muchos años*.

May God keep Your Excellency for many years.

Madrid

Roger Woddis

Mercy Dash

Mr Callaghan authorised the rescue of 917 cattle from a crippled freighter.

O Audrey, we must let those cattle go,
Those huddled cattle go,
Those helpless cattle go
From Fishguard by the sea;
I cannot bear to see them suffer so
From water on the knee.

They have been stranded there twelve
days and nights,
Twelve long and lonely nights,
Twelve Panamanian nights,
And no one set them free.
There was some trouble over salvage rights,
And now it's up to me.

O I must make a gallant rescue bid,
A noble rescue bid,
A heartfelt rescue bid,
And go without my tea.
Be sure to tell the media what I did,
And get it on TV.

So Audrey, I shall get those cattle off,
Those sad-eyed cattle off,
Those starving cattle off,
In Fishguard by the sea.
It's worse than being crippled by a cough
And branded O.A.P.

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Peter Wilby

The Real Education Debate

Today the great education debate opens in earnest with the first of Shirley Williams's regional conferences in Newcastle. The omens are not propitious. The attitude of the National Union of Teachers, whose leaders persist in drawing facile analogies of the you-wouldn't-tell-the-farmer-how-to-milk-his-cows type, remains one of sullen suspicion. The Government is open to the charge of trying to make the schools the scapegoats for its own mismanagement of the economy. The conferences themselves, given the numbers participating and the wondrously vague agenda (one of four sessions, we are told, will be devoted to 'the curriculum'), will provide opportunities for pundits to jump on and off soapboxes in a bid for the two-minute filmshot on ITN but seem unlikely to lead to any well-considered solutions to educational problems.

Until now, the debate has been clouded by red herrings, notably the argument about standards. Were schools, everybody wants to know, doing a better job 30 years ago or even, as Rhodes Boyson would have it, 100 years ago? The question is almost wholly meaningless; you might as well ask if horses used to do a better job.

Schools were doing an excellent job in the 1780s. They left the majority of children alone and, therefore, did not inhibit the Industrial Revolution. Since then, in response to changing social and economic needs and expectations, we have established compulsory education for all (1870), secondary education for all (1944) and comprehensive education for all (1976). What we are now seeking is a comprehensive curriculum and comprehensive standards. The need is not to return to the academic standards of the past, but to establish a new set of standards for the future.

Academic standards, in fact, still have a virtual stranglehold on English education – and they are the enemies of genuine educational standards. The emphasis is on analysis, not on action; on attitudes, not on skills; on knowledge, not on application; on the formal, not on the practical. Our education is organised to select those who can approach the frontiers of theoretical knowledge. The system is a closed circle in which university entrance requirements, through examinations, determine aspirations which then determine the school curriculum, whose success is measured by examination results, which are designed to select for university entry.

There are no standards, except the self-validating ones of the education system itself. Every child has to rise to the level of his academic incompetence; it is as if babies were expected to tackle linguistic analysis before they were allowed to talk. The schools have an overcrowded, academically over-ambitious syllabus in which the dominant experience, for the majority of children, is of failure, not of achievement. Academic mastery is courted at the expense of practical competence. French is organised so that a few children may one day read Balzac in the original, not so that the majority can understand what the French shopkeeper is saying. Science is dominated by university requirements for knowledge of its theoretical principles, not by industrial and personal needs for knowledge of its day-to-day applications.

It is no use arguing that we should free the majority of children from academic demands by going back to academically-oriented grammar schools for the minority. For one thing, the minority can't be identified at 11 or even at 13. For another, the future graduate in history has no more need of academic science than the future engineering apprentice. The university professor has as much right as his neighbour to know how his motor-car works or how to ask a Frenchman the way. The academic curriculum, even for the bright children, is a waste of three-quarters of their time.

The proposed core curriculum could bring into the schools those non-academic standards that have been long neglected. Some teachers have pointed out, correctly, that nearly all schools already have a core curriculum, in so far as they teach English, maths and science up to the age of 14. But that is hardly the point. English, for example, covers a multitude of sins. Does it mean punctuation, grammar, correct spelling? Does it mean creative expression and drama? Does it mean studying the use of language in advertising, in official forms, in technical instructions? Does it mean the study of great literature? A core curriculum could identify priorities, distinguish the essential from the incidental.

It is doubtful if these priorities could be defined in terms of traditional subjects. The Bullock committee on English teaching coined the phrase 'literacy across the curriculum' – the idea that schools should be just as concerned with the specialised use of language in a scientific or historical context as in its literary forms. Maths, too, has specialised uses in science, craft, geography, sociology. Political insights can be gleaned from English, history, geography and, again, science. Teachers need more awareness not just of the outside world but of each other's classrooms. The current curriculum demands awareness only of the knowledge and techniques required to master one's own subject. The subject is not a tool, but an end in itself. Academic subjects determine educational priorities. A reformed curriculum would start from the priorities – the essential skills and knowledge to be imparted – and then decide which subjects and which teachers are best equipped to deal with them. That doesn't necessarily mean an integrated curriculum, in which separate subjects are abolished. Integration often means each teacher presenting a watered-down version of his own subject and the ultimate result is social studies across the curriculum. Far from blurring the distinctions between subjects and teachers, schools need to identify more sharply the different skills they can offer.

Who should decide the core curriculum? Leaving each school to work out its own would probably involve more time, energy and expertise than the average school could afford. In any case, if schools are to have non-academic priorities they must seek non-academic advice and it is unrealistic to expect every school to do that on a large scale. And one of the benefits of a common core would be more coordination between different schools so that a child moving from one to another didn't suffer a hiccup in his learning. A core curriculum designed by central government, on the other hand, would be too remote and inflexible, allowing too little room for innovation and experiment. The best solution is probably to give local authorities the job. They could take some note of local needs; the skills required to cope with life in Liverpool 8 are un-

This concludes Peter Wilby's series of articles on the need for a common-core curriculum in Britain's schools.

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deniably somewhat different from those required in Buckinghamshire. And they could see that teachers – classroom teachers as well as heads – had a major voice in designing the curriculum.

How will the core curriculum be imposed? Will there be check-ups to see that teachers are sticking to it? That would be both repugnant and unnecessary. The moral authority of an agreed curriculum would be enough to persuade most teachers to follow it. Besides, short of spending an entire term in a school, no inspector could hope to establish that the course was being properly taught or not. It would not involve anything so easily checkable as scientific observational skills at 9.40 on a Monday morning.

But there seems little point in having a common core unless some effort is made to monitor it. So there ought to be 'core tests' certainly at 16 and probably at 11 and 14, too. Pupils could be given records of what they had achieved in the tests. The tests would reveal the weak pupils, the weak teachers and the weak schools. The idea would not be to brand the pupils as failures, to sack the teachers and to close down the schools but to identify those who needed more advice, more resources and, perhaps, more chivvying.

There will be all sorts of problems in implementing this new design for education. People won't get it right first time, which is one reason why we should have 100 local authorities trying out different solutions. Two particular problems stand out. First, the core curriculum must be a core and nothing else. At least half the curriculum must remain the province of the creative anarchy that has been both the strength and the weakness of English education. The difficulty is to see that the core and its tests do not, like the old 11-plus, begin to dominate the whole curriculum. Second, a skill-based curriculum may require different teaching talents from a subject-based curriculum. It may mean, for example, fewer lessons in which the teacher does most of the talking. Scientific laws can be transmitted (for rote-learning at least) from blackboard lectures. Scientific techniques (how to observe, how to form hypotheses, how to design experiments) have to be learned differently Some teachers, if compelled to change the professional styles that have come naturally to them all their working lives, may end up as worse teachers, even if the subject-matter seems better. The key question is still: what are the teachers like?

Audrey Harvey

The Case of the Duke's Servant

As a poor Glasgow boy of 14, this white-haired man, now trembling as he faced the judge, had gone into the Merchant Navy – rising after years at sea to be the catering officer of the Shaw Savill line and retiring with a princely pension of £6 a week. What was relevant to his case, though, was that immediately after that, five years ago now, he and his wife had entered the service of a well-known ducal figure as 'managers' at their tall, narrow Mayfair house – which meant doing everything from cooking to caretaking with a great deal of running up and down very steep stairs. For pay they got less than anyone not acquainted with the private meanness of the very rich might suppose: their keep plus £10 a week each, fairly recently increased to £15, no sick pay and never any tips or presents at Christmas or even half a brace of pheasants at any time. Not that he had complained, being proud of his position and of the charm and fame of his employer. But now anyone might think he had pinched the silver or one of the stunning pictures. Whereas he was in process of eviction only because his wife had died.

Although the number of employers of private domestic servants has sharply dwindled since the Thirties, that of local authority servants, caretakers for instance, has increased. Their legal status is no different. In both cases homes are tied to jobs and the right to occupy them ends when the job does; there is no need for the employer to give notice to quit. According to a consultation paper on the Rent Acts just issued by the government, about a quarter of all privately rented houses are tied to jobs. But while some employees can hope that, once the new protection for farm workers is in force, their own turn may come, domestic servants can't share this optimism. No one could reasonably argue that a housekeeper need not live in, and need not be replaced when unable to carry on. And no one disputed that the duke needed another married couple. It was just that Mr Mackenzie had nowhere to go.

People in exalted positions, whose main housing problems are massive upkeep bills arising from their having an excessive number of houses with quite innumerable rooms, cannot perhaps be expected to understand how nearly impossible it has been for years for the poor to house themselves. Mr Mackenzie was simply expected to disappear. He was shocked to be told at the housing department that his employer must seek a possession order in the county court before he could be considered genuinely homeless. His Grace, much more than shocked by this outlandish rule, went to the department himself, but was not let off. The prospect of perhaps having to have the bailiff in to evict his 68-year-old retainer was, no doubt, awful. At this point, Mr Mackenzie was offered a pensioner's cottage on one of the estates – which was scarcely practical since he had got himself a little job as a messenger in London.

At the first hearing the duke had allowed an extra 14 days on top of the usual 28 days before calling in the bailiff. As no council flat had materialised at the end of that time, Mr Mackenzie had had to come back for more. 'You know of course,' said the judge, 'that I have no power to grant it. This is not a Rent Act case.' Mr Mackenzie did not know that, needless to say, and had been surprised to learn that, not being a tenant, he had no defence in law which in turn meant he could not have legal aid – whereas the duke had not only his solicitor but also counsel to represent him.

Another curious point was that although the duke had several times come raging down the basement stairs to ask his ex-servant what on earth he was playing at still being there, had threatened what he would do if this disgraceful behaviour continued and finally mentioned cutting off both water and light, this would have made no difference to his claim for possession: harassment is a criminal offence to be heard only in a magistrates' or a crown court. These nasty scenes had preceded the second hearing for more time. Towards the end of it Mr Mackenzie seemed to turn a dark plum colour and not to be able to get his breath. He came away with one extra week and an offer, barely believable from so enormously wealthy a man, of £100 to get out before being forced. (The Mayfair house was to be shut for a month.)

This news staggered the housing department. It had been understood there from the ducal solicitor that His Grace would provide his servant with a furnished room. The council had even guaranteed that this would not prejudice his chances of a council flat. Now one was swiftly found for him – much better fitted up, incidentally, and considerably bigger and better decorated than the Mayfair basement. Here, there were again five floors, but there were lifts. It would mean first going up to Glasgow where his furniture was stored and where his daughter would meet him and take his old dog back with her to Arran. There is no state provision for such journeys and the £100 would not go far but he would not allow anyone to ask the duke for more. How often, one therefore wonders, do servants suddenly becoming homeless towards the end of their lives face these problems needing great physical energy and unaffordable sums for furniture removals? Only if Mr Mackenzie had not been working (he earns £20 a week) could he have hoped for help under the supplementary benefit, or public assistance, system and even so would most likely be given a sum to buy essential furniture locally as being more reasonable in his circumstances than transporting his own things. One might think that when servants are not, in the legal sense, redundant – as he was not – there would be some sort of resettlement grant from a fund to which employers would have to contribute. It is just sentimental (in real life, as distinct from *Upstairs Downstairs*) to assume that they can all be trusted to settle these things satisfactorily.

The weather on the day he saw the flat was bitter. Mr Mackenzie had not told the court that he suffered from angina. He had been under terrible strain since his wife's illness was diagnosed as cancer. That night, alone in the basement, he had a heart attack. Whether he will be able to leave is now uncertain.

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London Diary

☐ It's now accepted that the Government can't get the Devolution Bill through without the guillotine, and that the guillotine vote will be crucial. A few questions occur to me. Who coined this highly emotional term for what, in the US Congress, is called simply the closure of debate? Next, is there any other institution but Parliament – be it a factory, a university or a theatre – that would embark on its work without any plan for how long each segment is going to take? Really, it's as though the editor of the NS were accused of enforcing a guillotine by telling me to get the Diary written on Tuesday. Finally, is there any serious argument for the system whereby a Bill dies at the end of a session, and must be either dropped or started all over again? This system has often been very harmful, especially to private members' bills. I suspect that it goes back to the early days of the House of Commons, when 'a parliament' and a session were the same thing. Elizabeth I, for instance, used to summon a parliament to transact certain business, then dissolve it, then summon another one maybe a year or two later, which of course was newly elected. It would make far more sense nowadays if Parliament and not the session were the legislative span. What would happen if Mr Foot were to announce that, if his complicated bill isn't all sewn up by the end of this session, the next session will take it up at Clause 73 or wherever they've got to? Is there a law against that? I reckon he would be congratulated by all sensible people for scrapping an absurd convention.

☐ People around the Agee and Hosenball show mostly expected that the former would have to go but the latter (having comported himself with great meekness) would be allowed to stay. In the event, the faceless men have insisted on total victory. Let's hope that the case will strengthen the demand for open deportation hearings, which exist even in the USA. What it shows, however, is that no Home Secretary – Labour or otherwise – stands up against 'security'. I should never have expected the tight-lipped, conformist Merlyn Rees to be the first.

☐ On the other hand, he has shown humanity and some political courage by accepting the Parole Board's advice to release Anna Mendleson. This has predictably outraged the angry brigade of Tories who fulminate whenever the quality of mercy gets through the strain, and who have been in a permanent state of emotional deprivation ever since capital punishment was abolished. Logic, of course, goes by the board. The *Daily Telegraph* says: 'Whether or not Anna Mendleson has learned her lesson is anyone's guess' – neatly obscuring the fact that this is just what the Parole Board exists to judge. The *Daily Mail* links the case to a recent murder, totally non-political and with no possible resemblance to Anna Mendleson's crime, and raises the good old cry of 'lenience and cosseting'. Some cosseting . . . a neighbour of the Mendlesons, who is a retired police sergeant, says: 'Prison has destroyed her. She is a broken woman.' Plenty of people would like her to stay broken, rather than having a chance to put herself together again.

☐ Even more than the British press, the French press is in the hands of a small number of rich men and is overwhelmingly on the side of the political Right. This state of affairs is fairly recent; after the last war, the taint of collaboration put most of the old rags out of business and there was a fine sprouting of new papers born from the Resistance. Gradually, they either died of financial starvation or were bought up by commercial outfits and completely changed their character. Robert Hersant, the Northcliffe of France, now controls over 30 papers in Paris and all over the provinces. Now they're going to get Sir James Goldsmith, hardly a factor for political diversity. I'm delighted, therefore, to see that the Left is fighting back with a new daily, to be called *Le Matin de Paris*, whose first number will appear on Monday. The initiative came from journalists connected with *Le Nouvel Observateur*, more or less the opposite number of the NS, and this paper has put up the basic capital; a good deal more has come from popular subscription.

☐ I spent last weekend in a region where 20,000 people were ordered out of their homes to be 'concentrated' under the control of an army of occupation, about 600 who refused to go were hunted down and shot, and 466 villages were burned to the ground. I always had an idea that American methods in Vietnam lacked originality. The region in question is the Cevennes, it happened in 1703, and the guerrillas who had to be deprived of food and shelter were French Protestants. The persecution is commemorated in an excellent museum, housed in what was once the home of 'Roland' – it's a cover-name, like Tito – the most determined of the rebel leaders. One of the exhibits is a wine-cask with a lid which can be raised to convert it into a pulpit. In Anduze, the most solidly Huguenot town, there's an immense Protestant church built after the return of toleration in the early 19th century. It seats 3,000, just about the population of Anduze at the time, excluding children and the few Catholics. I found it locked tight and had some trouble in finding the old lady who has the keys. I asked her whether Anduze is still mainly Protestant. 'Ah, difficult to say,' she replied, 'the immense majority is indifferent.'

☐ When I'm in the south of France I buy *Le Provençal*. Something peculiar is always happening in Marseilles, and this time it was more peculiar than ever. Five doctors are under arrest, charged with injecting female hormones into homosexual boys with a view to changing their sex, but without telling them. The idea apparently was to make a profit on the large quantity of hormones and other drugs, to be shared between the doctors and certain chemists. You must admit that Marcia Williams and Joe Haines are rather boring after that. Meanwhile, the Marseilles police are trying to recapture one of their dogs, called Flippy, who leaped out of a van. He is to be recognised by 'five or six burns on his back'. Pretty sinister. And a magazine advertises its current issue with an article on the subject of: *Fidelité et Lassitude Sexuelle, sont-elles forcément liées*? Now there's a good question.

☐ The 1976 wine harvest was abundant and of high quality, but you might well forget it as you wander round the vast supermarket just off the *autoroute*, where the lavish display of whisky is what hits you in the eye. Some of the brands looked pretty dubious, and the selection didn't include any of those which I've been taught to respect by authorities like Tom Baistow. However, during my weekend I made the acquaintance of a cheese hitherto new to me – rather like Gorgonzola, but with more tang – called Fromage des Causses. I have to admit that I nearly rejected it because I understood my host to say *fromage d'Ecosse*. At Anduze I found the local sausage much to my taste; it's hard-skinned, like a good old British banger, but extremely spicy. There are lots of books on wine and lots of books on cheese, of course, but I've never come across a book on sausages – the one branch of gastronomy in which France, Italy, Germany and the Slav countries compete on equal terms.

☐ 'Oh what a sexy summer!' runs a *Daily Mirror* headline. The story is that more babies than usual were born in January; this the *Mirror* ascribes to 'those long hot nights of last summer.' What's truly remarkable is that, since the hot weather began in June, the babies must have been born in seven months or less from conception. Britain still has problems, but let's not hear any more about slow deliveries. Turning to *The Times*, I see that jaundice is now known to be sexually transmitted. That must be why you see all those yellow people around town nowadays.

Mervyn Jones

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Half a pig's head was left at a Gloucester cemetery yesterday and the other half at the local Community Relations Office in a protest against the local council decision to allow Moslem burials in the cemetery. So far there have been no such burials. – *Daily Telegraph* (M. S. Garrett)

☐ Young wives of All Saints Church, Leavesden, near Watford, are about to learn how the other half lives. A social worker is to give them a talk called Some Tramps I Have Known. Afterwards, adds the parish magazine, cups of soup will be served. – *Luton Evening Post* (T. Hopkins)

☐ Car repairer Bob Baker and his partner Mick Ward were arrested by police and locked in cells. They were freed after four hours and told: 'Sorry, it was all a mistake.' A sergeant at Chelmsford police station said: 'Four hours is nothing. These two blokes were lucky. We keep people in on suspicion for a lot longer than that.' – *Sun* (B. Graham)

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University Forum

Peter Chapman*

Orthodoxy at the LSE

Current rumblings amongst the student population at the London School of Economics, including an occupation, over a proposed increase in fees, may yet revive some of the old memories. Due to the 1968/9 troubles the term 'LSE' still survives in many people's minds as a mnemonic for all manner of anarchistic 'outrages' and revolutionary unheaval. To mention, in casual conversation, that one is a student at the School is often to evoke reaction from listeners that here before them stands some form of Kropotkin-cum-Trotsky reincarnate. Such impressions, however, wholly misrepresent the underlying nature of the School and pay no regard to developments which have followed the late sixties' furore.

During those troubles an idea promoted by the administration, and a threat readily perceived by the militants, was that the School should be turned into a predominantly 'graduate' institution. Figures indicate a subsequent movement towards this. By 1972/3, a swing of a little over 5 per cent had shifted the student total in favour of postgraduates. A greater emphasis was thereby placed on students who, as a result of heavier timetables, shorter (usually one year) courses, and a keener sense of the job-market approaching, generally find less time and inclination than undergraduates for involvement in political radicalism. In recent and much quieter sessions the trend has been partially reversed, but there are still considerably more postgraduates around than in 1968/9. Subscribers to 'The Right Approach' amongst them would bring an emotional quiver these days to many an upper-lip on the Opposition Benches.

As for the political groups who set themselves the task of mobilising the student ranks, those to the Left are clearly on the defensive. In this month's elections to the union executive, two candidates from IS and one from IMG gained only a handful of votes in an unusually high poll, while the Broad Left had to be content with second place. Victory went to a Tory candidate, reflecting the steady regress of a main body of students at the School into blinkered, self-satisfied values.

A further point, and one which often escapes those who recall the Sixties' troubles as a pernicious union of impressionable adolescents and an activist fifth column among the faculty, is that the School stood on little ceremony *vis-à-vis* any 'wayward' members of staff. Villains of the piece like lecturers Blackburn and Bateson were soon packed off, while others, voluntarily or otherwise, later made their excuses and left. Here and there, the occasional Marxist member of staff remains, but the tendency is to operate in a safe, subdued fashion.

The overall outcome is a tacit concordat between student and authority which enables the School to get on with what it sees as its major task: the pursuit of scholarly and 'dispassionate' perspectives. In so doing, a university education is provided of a solid, rather conventional kind which leaves the impression that any lively spirits of the Sixties have been successfully struck from the record. Consider, for example, the School's largest department, that of Economics, its academic centrepiece and one of the Western world's most respected suppliers of the professional economist. Having ridden its share of previous storms, in the Thirties as well as the Sixties, the department sails quietly through the comparative calm of the current decade. Surprisingly perhaps, given the state of the economy and the economists' ostensible inability to cope with it.

Most LSE exponents of the subject conceive its core as a seething arena of science. This, however, is in a field where (and without lengthy debate as to whether it is a science or not) the observer might question the validity of both the main method employed and the theory it seeks to represent. On the first point, economics is apparently the province of an increasing number of mathematical aesthetes. While one accepts the enhancement of numerate skills as necessary in operations involving complex calculations, there may be implications for policy. Abject fascination with the beautiful logic of a theorem can critically mask the point that individuals, firms, unions or whatever, rarely comply with the simplicity of the symbols. But aside from methodology, the state of economic theory itself seems in desperate need of overhaul.

An acute problem stems from heavy concentration, since Keynes, on the economy at the macro level. In consequence, with today's poverty of Keynesian philosophy on the one hand, there is the sorry condition of micro theory on the other. Using micro's outdated bulk of welfare economics and theory of the firm, too much time is spent implicitly chasing the mythical 'bliss point' to the accompanying and utopian proviso of 'Let us assume we have perfect competition'. An example of this is the forthcoming book *Microeconomic Theory* (McGraw-Hill, New York) by LSE economists P. R. G. Layard and A. A. Walters (the latter a name familiar to avid readers of Aims for Freedom and Enterprise publications), and the current central text for the School's M.Sc. course. Perusing, or rather battering one's way through the opaque technicalities of the prose, graphs and equations, one recognises the standard genuflection towards the altar of market sovereignty. The words 'invisible hand' may rarely, if ever, be mentioned, yet somehow the mystique pervades: leave the market alone and the nation's resources will be most efficiently allocated. Alas, to ponder awhile on such 'real world' gremlins on the multinational corporation, is to conclude that reality is but an 'exogenous variable'.

'Mesoeconomic' analysis of the large firm is still the province of 'trendy' renegades like Stuart Holland down at Sussex. Until such time as Holland and other socialist economists rise to the challenge of introducing a little more algebra and a lot less politics into their work, they might expect to stay beyond acceptance by the mainstream orthodoxy. In truth, our teachers at the LSE do warn us of the oligopolists and imperfectly competing firms. But our diagrams tend to assure us that intra-cartel price wars and inherent inefficiencies are their inevitable reward. A comparable theme laces the lecture notes as the subject turns to trade unions. Surprisingly, one learns that the NUM is not so successful after all. If it were, why did miners' wages not rise in 1974 on par with the price of imported oil? (A question from the floor suggesting that the fate of the Heath government was an adequate criterion of success gains the reply: 'Well, that is a political issue and not for us to discuss in this department.') Later one transcribes the graph showing a union-imposed basic number of work hours per week, only leaves members vulnerable to the capitalist dropping the basic wage. The underlying message of such curious pieces of analytical legerdemain is the same for the unions as for those nasty corporations: economic rationality says you should not be there, so will you please go away. In doggedly presenting such an argument, the LSE, a central pillar of economic thought, only divorces itself from two of today's main influences on economic life – that is to say, organised labour and internationally organised capital.

At the macro level, the situation is no more hopeful. In lectures, where Marx may be dismissed in minutes due to his 'logical inconsistencies', students are not spared a list of orthodox theories whose empirical consistency is remarkably absent. An example springing to mind is that famous Keynesian sophistry, the Phillips Curve. Developed at the LSE in the 1950s, it sought to determine an unemployment level (e.g. 3 per cent) at which inflation would be negligible. It is no longer believed in, and its data were probably never valid. No doubt, however, it will be taught in perpetuity. Naturally, it is in such a context of Keynesian failure that Chicago's very own 'deep entryist' creeps into the course with increased respectability. Today, as one reads Keynes, one struggles through Milton Friedman with equal resolution. Any ultimate choice is less than compelling; i.e. between a redundant theory and a theory of redundancy.

But one way or another we, as qualified economists and members of 'the Profession', will be sent from the LSE into the world with a batch of unworldly economic ideas. Our task, in effect, is to lengthen the dole queues (if not actually join them). One can only imagine that here, at one remove, the LSE unwittingly finds its contemporary role in the breeding of revolutionary tendencies.

Peter Chapman is an Economics postgraduate at the LSE.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

See How They Run

Schoolmasters everywhere, either still serving or, like myself, now liberated from the classroom and rusting away in wheezy retirement, will have been completely aghast at a recent scholastic announcement in the *Daily Telegraph* and, for all I know, *The Times* as well. It concerned Rugby School and I italicise its alarming feature. 'The school will disperse' it said, more or less, 'for the Easter holidays on 26 March *and the Crick will be run on the same day.*' To refresh my memory of the Crick, the famous Rugby competitive run, I naturally flew to my copy of *Great Public Schools* (1890). Just as I thought. The runners leave the main school buildings and thud along roads and footpaths to Crick village, and then thud back via Hillmorton, a distance of about 12 miles which a well-nourished schoolboy in good health should be able to complete in about an hour and a half.

School special trains always leave, as everybody knows, at 7 a.m. By 6.45 a.m. the entire place is virtually deserted. This must surely mean therefore that, to allow the runners time for a tosh (bath) afterwards, together with breakfast, presentation of prizes, awarding of athletic colours, severe censure of those who have done badly, etc., the Crick must be started in almost total darkness (my diary shows that moonlight on 26 March will be of negligible assistance) at not a moment later than 3.50 a.m. Such violent exertion in the small hours may well be injurious to health. Has the opinion of the school doctor been sought? Have the parents of the youthful competitors been consulted? And here there is too a serious moral risk, the temptation to take short cuts and, hidden by the dark mantle of night, miss out Crick altogether. A thoughtful word from the school chaplain just before the 'off' might be helpful, but possibly only those boys whose moral fibre has been strengthened by confirmation should be allowed to compete. The whole event bristles, as you see, with problems.

I can only hope that Rugby's unwise action will not set a perilous precedent, for there are many other school 'runs' to consider. At Malvern, not a school to encourage molly-coddles, they run up a mini-mountain, a risky undertaking at night. Then what of Loretto's Long Wallyford, Repton's Short Milton and, in the centre of Cambridge, the Klondyke run at The Leys which, a relatively recent foundation, will certainly not want a percentage of its more athletic boys squashed flat in the darkness by jumbo lorries. At Oundle we had the Cotterstock which one year was enlivened by a very flamboyant schoolboy called Gabriel Toyne, who had managed to get himself into the *Public Schools' Book of Verse* with a poem called 'Ode to a nymph with hands held cup-wise o'er a well' and who later became, suitably enough, an actor. Breasting the tape at the end of Cotterstock, arms flung wide, he gave a loud shriek, collapsed in a heap and fainted dead away. We gathered round. 'Tell me,' he gasped on recovering, 'tell me, did I win?' 'Well, not exactly,' we said. 'Actually, you came in 31st.'

Alongside *Great Public Schools* there sits on my shelves another invaluable volume which acts as a companion to it, namely *The Public School Word-Book* (1900), a handy glossary of words and phrases in use at those currently despised establishments. Those who disapprove of public schools may get what comfort they can from the assurance that examination of their past history reveals nothing but spartan living, extremely hard work, minimal amounts of food and regular beatings. Envious working lads, totally misled by Frank Richards, who had never been to a public school, and the fictional extravagances and merry jollities of 'Greyfriars', might well have found themselves wishing to return home to mum.

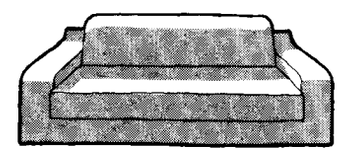
And it was no good complaining. Mutinous fags at Rugby were thrashed with three ash saplings, the idea being that the thrashing was to continue until two of the saplings had broken. At Winchester they popped them into a pillory and then lashed away with apple twigs. Tonbridge used the cane and further north they favoured a tanned leather strap called a tawse. Schoolmasters were known as bum-brushers and creature comforts were few. The boiled beef at Shrewsbury was sufficiently disgusting to cause a school uprising, the whole of the sixth form being subsequently expelled.

The *Word-Book* throws up some fine oddities, Winchester being particularly fruitful. Saintly junior boys at Stonyhurst, invited to attend 'The Resurrection' at 6 pm. may well have wondered what new religious excitement was about to burst on the world and felt justifiably let down on finding themselves merely permitted to gobble up the dry remains of a speech-day beano. Here and there are a number of school words that knowledgeable, wordly and, I am sorry to say, coarse-minded persons may think that they already know. But they don't. Thus we find clap (to push in front of others at Christ's Hospital), charlies (thick Winchester gloves made of twine), schitt (a goal at football), tits (students at Durham University), cocks (the old washing place at Charterhouse), wanker (a bloater at Felsted), privates (private lessons at Harrow), old bag (stale milk at Westminster), short behind (half-back at Eton), tart-feast (end of term festivity at Stonyhurst), continent (to be ill at Winchester), and Matron's-gift (a rather nasty cream cheese at Christ's Hospital).

If, at Winchester, you wished to prop up a piece of furniture with a wedge under the leg, there was a verb to help you (to poon). The general absence of nourishment, with plain bread ('toak' at Repton) for breakfast, caused a lively interest in eggs and to show ostentatious zeal at Marlborough was 'to egg-up'. The Founder's Commemoration Day at Winchester was keenly awaited and called 'egg-flip day', cupfuls of the deliciousness being then served to all. Felsted seems to have had an almost incomprehensible custom concerning eggs. 'A boy seen carrying an egg or eggs, if addressed by another as "EGGOTTY", might, must in fact, almost in honour, throw an egg at him. If the egg-owner was a good shot, he would invite his friend to "call me EGGOTTY".' Oh I say, thanks awfully.

Etonian words, half heard and misremembered down the years, are a baffling lot. What can it mean to be 'up to Lyttelton on Lower Tuppeny', if I've got it right? And there is another phrase, evidently indicating excellence – to be 'sent up for good'. Odd that elsewhere this would mean that a la-di-da deviate was being permanently exposed to ridicule.

But the words had their uses. The odd public school names were able to trip up the bogus Tichborne claimant. Asked what 'bandy' meant at Stonyhurst, he said at first that it was a nickname, changing this subsequently to 'part of the college buildings'. It is neither, but a primitive form of Stonyhurst hockey. So sucks!



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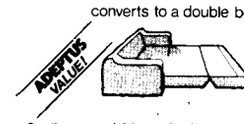

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Letters to the Editor

Bullock, Kinnock and Jones

Sir, 'Where to begin demolition work on the creaky structure of Jack Jones's piece on Bullock?', the Labour Editor of the *Sunday Times* asks (Letters 11 February). I suggest by reading the Bullock Report and not relying on reports of what people think or would have liked to see in the report. To clear his mind, though, a few points need to be made.

(a) 'Political democracy is about redistributing power away from autocrats and oligarchies.' Just so, and the Bullock Report is about redistributing power from a narrow circle of largely self-appointed and self-perpetuating directors to the whole of a company's workforce. Has not the worker a right to a say in the way his worklife is organised? Mr Jacobs may think you should run British industry like you run the British army but this neither makes for productivity and efficiency, nor for industrial democracy.

(b) The power to appoint the new directors is not to be given exclusively to the unions. A request for board room representation can only become effective after a *secret ballot* of all the workforce. Once an affirmative vote has been achieved a 'Joint Representation Committee', made up of *elected* representatives of *all* the trade unions in a company will meet together to decide the method of election of the employee representatives to the board. They might decide, after consultation, to elect representatives from among their number (and surely the electoral college principle is not unknown to an academic such as Mr Jacobs?) or they might decide to have an election involving all the workforce, with the nominations coming through the trade union machinery. Neither I, nor any of the Bullock Committee (majority) wish 'to prescribe the methods of appointment' as is suggested.

(c) The employee representatives will be employees of the company concerned. *They will receive no fees.* How can this possibly be described as an extension of trade union patronage or corporatism? Rather it is a move away from this, to giving shop-floor and office workers a say in the control of their own destinies, through the representative machinery of the trade unions. Trade unions are as necessary to industrial democracy as political parties are to political democracy.

(d) The figure of 2,000 as a cut-off point for board room representation was a compromise agreed upon by *all* the members of the committee as the initial position to start in implementing this radical reform. In these companies the mythical 'millions of disenfranchised workers' do not exist and collective bargaining and trade unionism are already highly developed. However, the report stresses that after a period of time board room representation could be extended to smaller firms. Of course the Bullock Report did not ignore smaller companies as Neil Kinnock suggests. Here, industrial democracy at this stage should be extended by improving collective bargaining arrangements where these are weak, and by enlarging trade union membership where this is small.

(e) Finally, Mr Jacobs demonstrates quite clearly that whatever his other talents and qualifications, a knowledge of the shop-floor and trade unions is not one of them. For his information, the election of my successor will be conducted by a *secret ballot of all the membership of the Union.* Wherever possible it will be conducted at the place of work. Thus the election of the next General Secretary of the TGWU will be held in a considerably more democratic manner than that in which the editors and proprietors of our national newspapers get their positions in this country. Perhaps he and his press colleagues would urge upon employers the need to give maximum facilities so that the *secret ballot* can take place without let or hindrance from the media.

JACK JONES
General Secretary

TGWU
Transport House
Smith Square, SW1

Sir, As Jack Jones says (NS 4 February) there is indeed evidence in the Bullock Report 'for all with eyes to see'. However, he has chosen to avert his gaze from some of it. The report contains a major qualification to the figure of '89.29 per cent' for the average union membership density in manufacturing establishments with more than 200 workers. This figure, the only one Mr Jones chooses to quote, arises from a calculation based on the palpably false assumption that there are no union members in firms employing fewer than 200.

Bullock says quite clearly (on p.15) that 'to the extent that there are union members (in the smaller firms) this figure is 'overstated'. Following Price & Bain's research Bullock goes on to make more realistic assumptions about membership in small establishments and produces an average density figure of 78 per cent for manufacturing firms with over 200 employees. Mr Jones's selective quotation from a report which he has signed can hardly help the case they both support.

RICHARD UPTON

3 Theatre Street
London SW11

Sir, Neil Kinnock's (NS 11 February) attitude to Bullock is an amazing example of a socialist who has great faith in the working class and socialism in an abstract, general and long-term way, but who thinks that in the short term the working class could not even implement the Bullock Report to its own advantage. He has a very low opinion of trade-union based worker directors if he assumes they are going to be inevitably outwitted and outclassed by the other directors and will be prepared to stand idly by when the issue of industrial conflict arises. Such behaviour would not only be against the spirit of Bullock; it is against the letter as well. Bullock proposes changes in the 1948 Companies Act to make sure that worker directors can vote and take part in boardroom decisions on industrial conflict. It envisages abstention only when they have been mandated and/or industrial action has been decided on.

Bullock does not expect worker directors to forget their trade union base and the weapons they can use if the necessity arises. What Bullock does do is to focus the class struggle at a higher level, and thus facilitates the way for the working class not just to fight existing management, but to replace it. Neil Kinnock cannot imagine anything new except in the abstract. He sees the 'y' element as inevitably composed of the stereotyped non-executive class of the present time. Is it not most likely that if trade unionists actively and vigorously implemented Bullock, it would mother the necessity to invent a new type of professional manager/director who would see the future of industrial efficiency from the workers' point of view and its success as being dependent on the workforce?

Neil Kinnock's dismissal of the representative nature of worker directors shows a simplistic attitude to the problems of industry. There is bound to be a large representative function to be exercised by worker directors – due to circumstances like a large number of trade unions in an enterprise, a widely dispersed workforce, conflicting policies about the future of the company, etc. Mandating is fine for simple, straightforward trade union 'economism', but not sufficient for the role of trade unions proposed by Bullock. The issue is whether the working class and socialists should take full advantage of this proposal and go on the offensive against present management where it really hurts, or fall back on the defensive attitudes and postures that prevail at the moment. It is sad that Neil Kinnock has decided to do the latter.

JACK LANE

Flat 7
18-22 Barnsbury Street
London N1

Sir, As a political naïf may I ask Neil Kinnock for a simple explanation why the following two statements of principle from his article are to be regarded as self-evident? 'Certainly the proposal to make union membership the sole channel for worker election and representation is a major victory for industrial realism'. 'The channel of representation repeatedly and rightly insisted upon is the trade union.' In a wider political context if one substituted 'political party' for 'union' such statements would be unacceptable to anyone with even slight pretensions to being a democrat. Surely, Neil Kinnock has somewhat disingenuously glossed over one of the least satisfactory parts of what is a very contentious document. It may be a victory for the big guns, and it may be 'realistic' but it doesn't seem to have much to do with democracy.

ROBERT DILLON

25 Westbury Lane
Buckhurst Hill
Essex

Hitler and Marx

Sir, May I have the last word in the rather farcical controversy on what Hitler did not say by pointing out that Mr Ivens (Letters 11 February) is quoting out of context? In his Munich speech of 24 February 1941, Hitler did not simply declare 'I am a fanatical socialist' (little as it would matter had he said it). In a long diatribe against the 'New York and London bankers' who must be prevented from interfering into Germany's economy he exclaimed: *'Ich bin hier ein fanatischer Sozialist, der immer nur die Gesamtinteressen seines Volkes vor Augen hat'* (*In this respect* I am a fanatical socialist who always has only the collective interests of his people in mind). To have always collective and thus never class interests in mind is rather a conservative slogan, and a 'socialism' understood in that sense should appeal more to Aims for Freedom and Enterprise than to followers of the Labour Party.

I would prefer, however, to turn to more serious matters. The sorry spectacle of the Prime Minister mentioning, even if only for polemical purposes, fascism and Marxism together might be excused by the misuse of the name of Marxism by the communists who pretend that their tyrannical regimes have been influenced in any way by the teaching of Karl Marx. Things were not as bad as today in 1948 when the Labour Party officially republished the *Communist Manifesto* with an introduction by Harold Laski without suffering any attack on that score by Mrs Thatcher's

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predecessor (of Gestapo-speech fame). But we had meanwhile Harold Wilson's boast never to have read Marx, being deterred by the fact that on p.2 of *Das Kapital* (he obviously meant vol. 1) the footnotes were longer than the text. Would he revise his certainly well-considered judgment when reminded that on p.2 and on many following pages there are no footnotes at all? I am perhaps even less impressed by the antics of Tony Benn who three years ago for tactical reasons of his own stated that the Labour Party's socialism was not influenced by 'German books' (obviously something more horrible than English books) and who for different tactical reasons now emphasises the great influence Marxism has exerted on Labour Party thinking. I doubt whether any of these great socialist thinkers has ever heard of G. D. H. Cole's book *The Meaning of Marxism* (Gollancz, 1948). There they could find some guidance for avoiding nonsensical statements. Expressing some dissent from Marx, Cole said on p.12/13 that he remained nevertheless 'Marx-influenced' to a high degree,

> because I have found in certain of his doctrines, and above all in certain of his methods of social analysis, clearer light than anywhere else by which to seek an understanding both of certain key factors in the development of human societies and of fundamental economic and political problems of today.

J. W. BRUEGEL

21 Connaught Drive
London NW11

Haines for the Defence

Sir, I don't mind what Mr Fenton says about my unlikeability (NS 11 February); after all, we have never met. Any more than I object to what he says about my book when he has not read it. But can I correct a fact or two in his 'Spotlight on Politics'? The whisky-throwing incident was not 'designed to show Marcia in a bad light'. I thought she came out of it better than anyone. If it did not appear that way, then the design was incompetent. I was not the only press officer at No 10 to go ex-directory. My predecessor, Mr Heath's Donald Maitland, set the pattern and I followed it. If Harold Wilson spoke to Denis Hamilton about my succeeding Jimmy Margach on the *Sunday Times*, as Fenton reports, then it is the first I've heard of it. Jimmy's successor was appointed, I believe, long before Harold Wilson announced his resignation.

The *Mirror* has not paid me £50,000. My book was not written with the *Mirror* in mind. I had completed it before the *Mirror* showed an interest. In fact, I did not even have a publisher until the first draft was done.

JOE HAINES

7 Hazel Shaw
Tonbridge, Kent.

The Gilt and the Brass

Sir, As a long-standing reader of your paper, in particular of the back pages, I was distressed to read your venomous and ill-mannered attack upon our Head of State and her consort (NS 11 February). You state, correctly, that Sandringham House is not a royal residence, but you are incorrect in maintaining that the recent reconstruction work carried out to the house was paid for by the state. I have confirmed with Buckingham Palace that the work in question was paid for out of Her Majesty's private purse. It would be tedious to query the numerous half-truths in your article but it is worth emphasising that royal tours, such as that at present being undertaken by the Queen, are very far from being holidays.

You state that it is intended to consider the real privileges and functions of the monarchy in a further series of articles. I trust that you will, then, bear in mind that it is not impossible to consider, and indeed even to criticise, the institution of monarchy without descending to offensive innuendo, especially since members of the Royal Family traditionally do not reply to attacks in the press upon them.

JOHN MORRIS

Henley-on-Thames
Oxon.

Sir, Congratulations on your timely article concerning the world's champion Public Assistance recipient and his family.

In this Jubilee Year might I suggest that the time is ripe for the addition of a new animal to the collection of Queen's Beasts? We already have the White Horse of Hanover, why should we not honour our current reigning house by the adoption of the Black Boar (Boor) of Battenberg? This new noble beast would, of course, be depicted tastefully standing on a field of four-leaved clover and Tudor roses. The full coat of arms would be supported by two British workers, bowed, over the motto *'O Jacobe, tota sunt mihi bona'.*

B. DOWNING

76 Hillcrest Road
Orpington

Protest and Puke

Sir, I must protest against Paul Johnson's nigh-slanderous attacks on Hegel (NS 11 February). Hegel was not a fascist, as the Nazis appreciated only too well. When they came to power they burnt all his books, together with those of Marx *inter alia.* As Rosenberg put it: 'On this day, it can be finally said, Hegel died.' (i.e. Hitler's assumption of the Chancellorship on 1 January 1933.) Hegel's concern was with a *Moralstaat* based on reason, not a *Nachstaat à la* Bismarck or Hitler, based on police or race. In his *German Constitution* (1802) it is quite obvious he preferred German unity under Austria rather than Prussia. He himself, note, was a Würtemberger, a south German. He opposed the anti-semitic and rabid German nationalism of the Burschenschaften in the years 1819-22.

Hegel's political writings, as well as that section of the *Philosophy of Right* entitled 'The State' (paragraphs 261-313) show conclusively that the individual did have rights *vis-à-vis* the state. In fact one can say that his entire political philosophy was, if metaphysically expressed, a synopsis of the modern bourgeois state. The individual's relationship to the state was mediated by the family and by his membership of an estate or guild, each with its own field of rights (just like modern day trade unions, professional associations etc.) representing his economic and social interests. His monarch was a constitutional monarch. His bureaucracy was the guardian and preserver of the general welfare unbeholden to any particular vested interest group. Finally, if Hegel was the fountain from which Prussian authoritarianism sprang (in fact it was in existence long before he was born), why did Frederick William IV summon the ultra-conservative philosopher, Schelling, to Berlin in 1840 'in order to root out the dragon-seed of Hegelianism'? Shortly after Frederick William's accession to the throne all the Hegelian professors were dismissed from their posts, including Karl Marx's friend Bruno Bauer dismissed from Bonn – which is why Marx himself was forced to give up the idea of an academic career.

If Hegel is to be blamed for the crimes of monsters like Hitler and Mussolini, then I suppose Jesus Christ must be equally held responsible for the actions of the Spanish Inquisition.

F. P. R. SHIPTON

107 Donald Hall Road
Bristol Gate, Brighton

Sir, I could puke with virile abandon over Paul Johnson's latest obscene polemic against the working class and their politics ('Labour and this New Leviathan', NS 11 February).

Would my response be regarded as direct action?

C. G. RICHMOND
Chairman
Wakefield CLP

39 Leeds Road
St Johns
Wakefield
West Yorkshire

The Left in the Thirties

Sir, Mr Pimlott (Letters 4 February) persists in his contention that the United Front was really about the reaffiliation of the Communist Party to the Labour Party. He rests his case on Fenner Brockway's account of the negotiations which led up to the United Front Campaign. What happened was this:

At the 1936 Labour Party conference in Edinburgh there was such a deplorable display of impotence by the party leaders that some of us, headed by Stafford Cripps, decided that drastic remedial action should be attempted. The first was the founding of *Tribune* and the preliminary steps for this were actually taken at Edinburgh. The next was to take soundings as to whether it would be possible to launch a joint campaign of the left parties; the Labour Party, the ILP, the Socialist League and the Communists, on an agreed programme that might form the basis of a national campaign and transform the whole political scene. For this purpose Stafford Cripps opened discussions with the leaders of the other parties. The negotiations were difficult because there were deep differences of principle between them.

They often seemed to express their hostility to each other in stronger terms than to the common enemy. Then, as Michael Foot describes in his biography on Aneurin Bevan:

> But the persistence and persuasion of Cripps, backed by William Mellor and Aneurin Bevan, pushed the project forward. Naturally they were much assisted by the tug of events in France and Spain. The field for a wide measure of agreement *did* exist – all the elements involved in the negotiations were agreed on implacable opposition to the Government's rearmament programme, its foreign policy and, above all, its betrayal of the Spanish Republic.

It was for these ends that the Campaign was launched, not Communist affiliation. It was not mentioned in the Campaign's manifesto nor advocated in the editorial articles of *Tribune,* nor at the great public meetings we held throughout the country.

To say, therefore, that what the United Front actually meant was a reaffiliation of the Communist Party is a distortion of the facts.

G. R. STRAUSS

House of Commons
London SW1

Mr Wilby's Curriculum

Sir, Peter Wilby (NS 11 February) suggests that political education in schools would entail 'no problems about different abilities and different needs [since] every child, whether he is to become a university professor or an unskilled labourer, will be entitled to vote'. He ought now to explain whether this *non sequitur* is intended to masquerade as an argument in favour of mixed-ability teaching, or against universal suffrage.

J. M. HAYNES

30 Windsor Road
St Andrew's Park
Bristol

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Phillip Whitehead

The Lottery

In Our Time: America from World War II to Nixon by GODFREY HODGSON *Macmillan* £7.95

This is the way they were: American politics in the dozen years that began with the Kennedy Inaugural and ended with the Watergate, years in which the Presidency seemed to be the most dynamic element in the federal structure and in which, for all who assumed it and most who reached for it, the prize was to be the shirt of Nessus. The young men who went to college reading Daniel Bell and Clinton Rossiter in that lost limbo time of the late Fifties have not seen the end of ideology, but they have seen the end of more than one kind of American dream.

Godfrey Hodgson was around for most of it. He is one of the two or three British writers who invariably combine style and knowledge in their reporting of America, and this book distils a decade of television and journalism as well as drawing on the wrist-breaking instant book which he wrote with Bruce Page and Lewis Chester on the events of 1968. *In Our Time* is different. Hodgson stands well back, tacks on no epilogues or encomiums for the Ford presidency or the Carter campaign. Yet it is a book which makes sense of the post-Nixon years, as America began to be healed from its nervous breakdown of the Sixties.

It was not that there was no ideology as the Fifties ended. Ideologies tend to be defined by their opposites, and the liberal elite's conventional wisdom lay like a blanket on the land. This consensus

> stretched from Americans for Democratic Action – which lay at the leftward frontiers of respectability and yet remained safely committed to anti-communism and free enterprise – as far into the boardrooms of Wall Street and manufacturing industry as there could be found a realistic willingness to accept the existence of labour unions, the rights of minorities, and some role in economic life for the federal government . . . Only a handful of dissidents were excluded from the Big Tent; southern diehards, rural reactionaries, the more farouche and paranoid fringes of the radical Right, and the divided remnants of the old, Marxist, Left. Together they hardly added up to a corporal's guard.

Spawned out of material abundance and Cold War attitudes of mind, the Liberals made American politics a game of softball between the Right and the Centre.

For this liberal establishment Hodgson reserves a special venom, after the manner of his friend Daniel P. Moynihan, whose influence pervades this book. Their assumptions, that capitalism itself worked for social change, that economic growth could lead all Americans to the New Frontier, burying class along the way, that a holy war could be waged abroad without profound economic and social consequences at home, made the whole basis of American policy a gigantic fallacy. This belief that any price could be paid, that no dream need be deferred, was the true *hubris* of the Sixties. It infected the radicals as well as the liberals, and it led both wildly to overestimate the consent of Middle America.

The essence of the matter was priorities, which involved choices. Successive administrations believed

> that the inequalities and injustices of American society were residual, and could be abolished by the expenditure of resources on a scale that need not involve any hard choice.

Something of the sort underlay Butskellism here, but it has all been washed away in the pain of economic decline. For American capitalism, that still lies ahead. Advocates of re-distribution have had short shrift. It was the blue-collar vote in particular that abandoned McGovern in 1972, a candidate whom the Left applauded and the radicals had helped to choose. 'They must think they're going to win a lottery,' he exclaimed, when the unpopularity of his proposed inheritance tax became clear.

Hodgson is no left-wing ideologue, but he explains how this can be both true and deceptive:

> Working class Americans don't hate the rich; they envy them . . . Looking at a Rockefeller or a Sinatra, the ordinary American is looking at a big winner in a lottery in which he also believes that he owns a ticket. He believes, in fact, in equality of opportunity, not in equality of condition.

And he is wrong. After all the vaunted reforms of the Great Society the American working class was actually worse off than before. They were lied to from first to last about Vietnam involvement, for which they paid most heavily in blood as well as deferred welfare legislation, while corporate profits rose and Johnson refused to raise taxes. And in 1968 and 1972 they voted in their millions for a crook. The heart of Nixon's strategy was to distract attention from the causes of dissent and to campaign against the dissenters themselves.

America has classes without class parties because of its ethnic and geographical divisions: that is the conventional view. Certainly, without the Negro as the long-submerged tenth of the population the history of the labour unions would have been different. Without the vast migration of Negroes to the North the country's commitment to equal rights for blacks would have been stronger; Bull Connor's dogs were one thing, busing in Boston something else. And the cause of the Vietnamese and the blacks was taken up by the student radicals in the fashionable colleges,

> overtly rebelling against the fact that American society was too dangerous – for the Vietnamese and for inner-city blacks. They were also subconsciously rebelling against the fact that it had become too safe for them.

Well, maybe but they went wider than that. The trouble was that there was no way they could command a majority – even on the war Middle America only agreed that the government had loused it up.

So when the networks and the newspapers began quite deliberately to cut down 'combat footage' and coverage of peace marches alike, when the mercantile society moved in on *Village Voice, Rolling Stone* and the *Whole Earth Catalogue,* and when the inner-city blacks were temporarily lulled by black mayors, residing over shrinking urban heartlands from which the whites continued to flee, the student Left began to go quiet too. There is a new generation on the campuses today. But the problem of the blacks will not go away. Mr Hodgson shows how wrong are all the comfortable assumptions that because there have been no major ghetto riots since the Sixties, the blacks must therefore have been absorbed into America's general rewards and expectations. It hasn't happened. The Scammon and Wattenberg theory of black embourgeoisification looks foolish against the income figures. Black family income against white had gone up from 57 per cent in 1945 to 64 per cent in 1970 – and then down again to 58 per cent in 1973. Unemployment rates are twice as high. Family disintegration is far greater. The facilities available in predominantly black schools are not so far below those in mainly white schools. But the performance reflects the still yawning gap in home backgrounds.

Will there ever be in America a party which will take re-distribution as its ticket and not be crushed? There could be. The so-called emerging Republican majority which was the fashionable rostrum when this book was in the writing has now submerged again. I do not agree with Mr Hodgson that the Humphrey candidacy was a last feat of the old Democratic coalition, for Carter added a transformed element to an old alliance, in temporary disrepair. The industrialisation and social transformation of the South, scarcely mentioned in this book, did most to make the Carter victory possible. Yet it was only ten years ago that I. F. Stone was writing of the Maddox primary win in Georgia, 'a terrible gulf is opening in our country'. That gulf is closing now. It could close in the North too. Everything depends on whether the Carter administration learns the kind of lessons which this book is trying to impart, that policy goals must be limited and involve hard choices; that you cannot have both a war on poverty and a war on your neighbours; that out of their abundance the working people of America could make their country in reality what it is in their mythology. I have the impression that Carter, like the newly elected MacKay in *The Candidate,* wants to know what to do next. If he could use an un-black, un-Left, un-chic answer, which still has the inevitability of socialism implicit in it, he can start at the Hodgson analysis.

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John Fowles

For the Dark

The Death of Narcissus by MORRIS FRASER
Secker & Warburg £4.90

I welcome this book, not least because, if one or two reviews elsewhere are anything to go by, its approach offends the *bien-pensant* literary establishment of this country. Fiction, the mandarin line seems to be, is much too subtle and fastidious a thing for these crude psychiatrist fellows to meddle with. How dare they suggest that dead writers might once have been living, fallible and as crammed with repetitive hang-ups as a roomful of cuckoo-clocks? I can only say, on behalf of my union, that I find studies like Dr Fraser's worth a ton of traditional criticism; and I very much hope he will pursue his impertinence in further books.

In the case of the novel, court and criminal have grown lamentably distant from each other. Of course the 'crime' must always be judged finally on its textual facts, but I am very clear that we now need more understanding of the general psychopathology of the novelist . . . that is, less attention to text, and far more to the process. Two facts seem self-evident: one is that the creation of prose fiction is closely akin (as close as a cure to its disease) to schizophrenic and obsessional madness, and the other is that, whatever scepticism one feels about some aspects of Freudian and Jungian theory, they provide the two best instruments of analysis, or models, we currently have. Applied too literally to a given text, they can produce silly results; but they have much to teach us concerning the general drive. I am fortunate (or unfortunate) in having had a good many academic papers written on my own novels. Since novelist is *ipso facto* narcissist, I have enjoyed reading those that have come my way, but I can think of only one that has affected me, both as writer and person, deeply. It was not written by a teacher of literature but by a psychiatrist who, like Dr Fraser, has learnt to read fiction with sympathy and penetration.

The Death of Narcissus is overtly clinical in intention. It is about paedophilia – the abnormal physical attraction of an adult towards the 'adolescent or pre-pubertal child of either sex'. Apparently the two most recent and respected psychiatric textbooks confess themselves stumped when they come to this heading. Both admit very little is known of the aetiology and treatment of old men pushing bicycles, whether along deserted lanes or through novels; and both books are reduced to suggesting a reading of *Lolita*. Elaborating on that suggestion, Dr Fraser has tracked down the evidence in the works and lives of a number of authors afflicted by the sexual disorder. He then offers a kind of general field theory, and makes some suggestions as to practical remedies. He has very little time for aversion therapy or hormonal drug

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treatment, and in effect proposes what artists are lucky enough to receive gratis in the nature of their art: cure, or at least accommodation, in self-knowledge.

The predisposing cause in outright paedophilia seems clear enough. There will be an unloving or rejecting mother, and a father who fails to provide the 'male model' of the standard Oedipal situation. The child-victim will thus be turned in and self-fixed at an exceptionally early age – which is where paedophiles differ from homosexuals proper, though the conditions overlap and share many common features. He is emotionally orphaned, and from then on the half-naked waif, the innocent (and usually doomed) child, along with his Jungian polar shadow, the 'old wise man', will haunt the adult for life. It will most commonly, but not invariably, vitiate any adult sexual relationship, and of course 'bend' his writing in highly characteristic ways. I have not space to detail the remarkable situational convolutions and escapes through symbolism (mirrors, twins and *Doppelgängers*, haunted houses, moonlight, water and lefthandedness, keep cropping up) exhibited by Dr Fraser's literary 'patients'; but I found all this part of his book, inevitably speculative in part, as fascinating as a detective story.

His main quarries are Barrie, Walpole, Forrest Reid, Lewis Carroll, Henry James, Dean Farrar and that most haunting of all Victorian fantasists, George MacDonald. I thought him particularly revealing on Carroll, and especially on that important aspect of the paedophilic mind (satirists had better search their souls) which in rejecting the father as model also rejects many paternal aspects of society. Among other things Alice reduces all that is most would-be adult in her father-besotted age to absurdity; which is why the two books that enshrine her constitute the prime subversive masterpiece of our literature.

Dr Fraser is not quite so convincing on Henry James, a much more complex case, and one illustrative of the clouding new element that has entered the novel in our century: the self-awareness of the writer. It seems very likely, for instance, that James had read one of Freud's cases (that of Lucy R.) before he wrote *The Turn of the Screw*, and indeed drew heavily on it for both his theme and his treatment. The one basic *donnée* every novelist has is the ability to think other; and strange sea-changes take place when the novelist himself is very well aware of Freudian and Jungian theory. I noticed that precisely this factor had been omitted in the otherwise shrewd psychoanalysis performed on myself. It becomes less and less certain nowadays that his symbols and 'echoes' necessarily reveal anything of the author's private psyche. Of course something may be deduced even from conscious exploitation like this, but much more caution is needed on the part of the analyst.

A modern novelist will also come away from Dr Fraser's fascinating collection (much larger than those I have named) of literary inverts with a sort of wistfulness. We may know our own cuckoo-clocks, or psychic mechanisms, better now; but in this field I suspect that ignorance was also bliss, at least in terms of fertility of invention and production. The more we understand our own dark sides of the moon, the less we need to exorcise them by creation – or the closer the imagined threatens to become to the clinical reality. When the novel becomes a fully self-explicating casebook, it really is dead. That is the great dilemma in contemporary fiction – keeping Narcissus, the mystery, the incurable obsession, alive.

Mark Girouard

Bleak Houses

Richard Norman Shaw by ANDREW SAINT
Yale £19.50

Norman Shaw is inescapable. His ghost haunts every English suburb, lurks behind the gables of thousands of semi-detached villas, looks through the windows of banks, shops, pubs and public buildings without number, and walks the English-speaking world from San Francisco to Sydney. The buildings he influenced are legion; the ones he designed himself are numerous enough, even though he was not as interminably prolific as Gilbert Scott or Alfred Waterhouse. Andrew Saint's catalogue of his executed works has 200 entries, some of them multiple ones.

To digest all this and then write about it, without being swamped in the first stage or becoming tedious in the second, was a formidable task, but Andrew Saint has proved more than equal to it. His book is a full-length study in every sense of the word, not only long and full of information but covering every facet of Shaw's life. He deals with his family, his clients, his contractors, his office and his ideas as well as his buildings, and he describes how his buildings were built and what they were built of, as well as what they looked like. The result is as impressive a biography as one could have wished for, detailed, informed, judicious, controlled, requiring and deserving concentrated reading, and full of insights.

One would not, for instance, have selected either Ruskin or Dickens as especially significant in Shaw's life, but Andrew Saint perceptively demonstrates their importance to him. As an old man Shaw wrote of Ruskin's writing: 'Every word I believe to be fallacious, but I read it with pleasure and lay it down with regret'; in his youth his pleasure was as keen and his belief not yet shaken. As for Dickens, Shaw (like Morris and Burne-Jones) was a fan from the day when he wrote in 1854: 'Our conversation is decidedly Pickwickian.' Dickens and Ruskin between them provided the essence of Shaw's 'Old English' houses of the 1860s and 1870s – as quaint and homelike as anything described by Dickens, but seasoned with Ruskin's reverence for the house as a sacred place, every part of which has a symbolic value. Saint quotes from Dickens on the inn at Chigwell in *Barnaby Rudge*, 'an old building, with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day', and on Mr Wickfield's drawing-room in *David Copperfield*. To Ruskin no house was complete without capacious bay windows and a generous roof; how much more sheltering, he wrote, to hear the expression 'beneath my roof' than 'within my walls'.

It is beautifully apt to find Shaw going with the painter E. W. Cooke to hear Ruskin lecture at the exact time when he was designing for Cooke a house which had bay-windows and roofs to have delighted Ruskin and all the picturesque homeliness Dickens could have asked for – but taken out of the regions of anecdotal cosiness by the streak of passion which, as Andrew Saint perceptively remarks, is present in all Shaw's early buildings – as it is in Ruskin.

The combination was irresistible to the particular section of the middle classes which took Shaw to their bosom. He got them with one or other of two barrels, if not both; if they weren't Ruskin fans they were sure to be Dickens ones. To serious, newly rich, and romantically domestic businessmen, writers and artists, suspicious of the upper classes yet anxious to proclaim their stake in the country, Shaw's tile-hanging, half-timbering, gables, corners and inglenooks supplied the image they were searching for: the motto 'East or West, Home's Best' which he blazoned across the inglenook at Lord Armstrong's Cragside is almost impossible to take seriously today, but at the time it was a profession of faith.

Shaw's ability to produce exactly what his public wanted – or felt they wanted, the moment they saw it – remained with him all through his life. A few years after concocting 'Old English' he widened the frontiers of domesticity to include 18th-century rectories and gabled Dutch burgher houses – and the result was the mixed style misleadingly called 'Queen Anne'. It was as much of a best seller as 'Old English' had been. In the late Seventies and Eighties, when he had penetrated the Baring belt and his clientele was going up both socially and financially, he sobered down the quaintnesses of his 'Old English' manner and produced houses which suggested the squire rather than the yeoman. And in the Nineties, when imperialism was in the air, he went over to the grand manner, and sent gusts of Roman splendour sailing down Piccadilly.

Shaw was a practical man as well as a brilliant designer. He once said that he would rather have been an engineer than an architect. He was fascinated by drainage, and invented a new type of soil pipe. His exteriors grew out of remarkably ingenious plans, and both tended to be made possible by equally ingenious use of structural ironwork, almost invariably concealed. His girders usually rest on masonry walls, but he was probably responsible for the first steel frame in England, and certainly for what is thought to be the first frame of reinforced concrete. At one time he made much use of concrete without reinforcement, using it to simulate half-timbering, tile-hanging and wood. His half-timbering was always structurally bogus.

This combination of structural experimentalism and know-how with, by the standards of both Pugin and the Modern Movement, structural dishonesty, has made many

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subsequent critics unhappy. So has his easy progress from style to style. Did they worry Shaw? His use of metal and concrete seems never to have given him a qualm; his stylistic eclecticism occasionally did. When he was ill or feeling his age he could write:

> I find myself continually using the expression 'Just *like* a bit of *real* old work' when I see anything nice . . . ours is not real, but only like real.

But most of the time Shaw seems to have been happy enough, doing what he enjoyed doing and following the policy which seemed to him the best available in the circumstances. Andrew Saint quotes a letter of 1890 in which he summed this up as 'My aim has been to have less of what I should call "style", and more of what I should call "character".' 'Character' was Shaw's way of describing eclectic mixtures like 'Old English' and 'Queen Anne', which had less of style only in so far as they were not copies of past styles; almost every element in them was derived from the past (or if it wasn't, was concealed) but Shaw could with justice say that the mixture was new, even if the ingredients were old.

It could be argued that, once self-consciousness and superabundance of knowledge set in with a vengeance in the 19th century, all styles became artificial, and that 'Old English' and 'Queen Anne' were no more artificial (or less valid) than the self-imposed censorships and contrived abstract compositions of the Modern Movement. But artificial they certainly were. Beneath the superficial similarities, Queen Anne and 'Queen Anne' houses were as different as could be; the one the result of surveyors or builders applying well-tried formulas over and over again without a second thought, the other complicated, allusive, syncopated, each house carefully different from the next, and in each house a different floor plan and window rhythm on every floor. Shaw's buildings are like this all the way through; they are extraordinarily highly strung.

His constant ill-health and a curiously bird-like photograph of him in old age, reproduced by Andrew Saint, suggests that he may have been as highly strung as his buildings. Superficially he was not; he was relaxed, gay, confident, and extraordinarily good at managing situations and people. His letters vibrate with easy-going fun; and yet when one has read a lot of them (and one of the pleasures of the Saint biography is the amount he quotes from previously unpublished letters) one finds oneself with a curious feeling of another Shaw in the wings saying 'what a good performance I am putting on'.

But even if Shaw's *persona* was as much a self-conscious creation as his buildings, it does not alter the fact that he was an extremely nice man. His niceness is demonstrated all the way through the book. He was refreshingly unsnobbish in a snobbish age; he was both loyal and generous to the people in his office; he seems never to have done a mean thing. There is always a tendency to mark down a creative artist who unhesitatingly accepts his age instead of trying to break away from it. Shaw set out to keep his clients happy; but, after all, this is no bad quality in an architect.

Anthony Howard

Poor Old Joe

The Politics of Power by JOE HAINES *Cape* £4.95

It was Dick Crossman, writing in the NS nearly six years ago, who first spotted the most singular aspect of Harold Wilson's own history of his first five-and-a-half years in Downing Street. *The Labour Government 1964-70: A Personal Record* is a voluminous work but nowhere in it – neither in the text nor in the index – is there any reference at all to Marcia Williams, Gerald Kaufman, Tommy Balogh or even Joe Haines. At the time Crossman found this 'very strange' but the events or pseudo-events of the past ten days have made it look not quite so strange after all. Two obvious, and in a way complementary, explanations suggest themselves: either Wilson found the whole topic of his 'kitchen cabinet' so distasteful that he could not bring himself to discuss it; or (and not necessarily alternatively), knowing all too well the capacity for jealousy and antagonism among those who formed his entourage, he simply found it prudent to give no mention to any of them for fear the others immediately took mortal offence.

Of course Haines himself was not present until the fag-end of that era – getting his courtier's ticket only at the beginning of 1969. But, regardless of personalities, the pattern seems to have remained pretty consistent throughout. Indeed, one particular phrase in Haines's book struck me as perhaps more revealing than he realises: somewhere towards the end there is a warm tribute to George Wigg and the 'first-class job' he had done in No 10 in terms of 'tightening security'. As I read that, the scales fell from my eyes. For Haines was very like Wigg – not for nothing was he known as 'Himmler' at Transport House. Like Wigg, he stood for good order and military discipline, and to both of them Marcia Williams came to symbolise the enemy if only because, like most creative people, she had an odd knack of creating administrative disorder and emotional disruption.

Haines's tragedy – certainly the secret behind his struggle with Marcia – was that he was determined to be 'creative' too. Not content with the essentially 'pay and rations' job he was given as press secretary, he was constantly striving to get a seat at the strategy planning table in the command tent. He was hardly cut out for it, as his own book proves. Its single constructive chapter is the one about housing and all it succeeds in demonstrating is that his policy (and political) thinking remained throughout that of the Tonbridge urban district councillor he once was.

Nor is the claim that his publishers ten-

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GOPI KRISHNA *Shambhala publications* £3.25

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tatively make on Haines's behalf any more convincing. Unlike Crossman, he has produced nothing that can even begin to be considered as a serious critique of the Whitehall machine. Instead he simply strings together a series of old grudges and presents them as his indictment of civil service power, particularly as wielded by the Foreign Office and the Treasury. Alas, neither institution is likely to crack before so grievance-ridden an onslaught – especially as it is all produced in a kind of sub-Cudlipp prose style seeking to make up in adjectival energy what it lacks in intellectual coherence.

No, the sad truth is that this book has only one justification – and that is the blazing portrait it provides of the one person Haines plainly set out to destroy and whom, paradoxically, he has probably ended up by immortalising. Lady Falkender could easily afford to lower the temperature of her response from her wrathful press statement of Monday of last week to her soft answer in the *Observer* last Sunday. After all, it is poor Joe Haines who now has to face living with the fact that, far from doing her down, he has personally propelled her to the realms of folklore and legend.

Alan Ryan

Right Lines

Social Ends and Political Means edited by Ted Honderich *Routledge* £6.95
Three Essays on Political Violence by TED HONDERICH *Blackwell* £4.50

Social Ends and Political Means opens with an essay on political obligation by Professor R. M. Hare, and closes with one on the destructiveness of the Stalinist ideal of party loyalty by the Yugoslav philosopher Svetozar Stojanovic. In between, there are essays on Mill's defence of free speech, on the analysis of political conflict, on the decrepitude of the 'Rights of Man', on alienation under socialism and on the goals of socialist self-management. Ted Honderich ducks the issue of the internal coherence of a volume which starts with a piece of marvellously lucid analytical moral philosophy and ends with a rousing declaration that he who would be true to the revolution must first be true to himself. Reviewers need hardly look for a spurious identity when Mr Honderich says that all his authors have in common is an ability to argue.

Two morals do emerge. The first is how little one can infer a political position from an author's philosophical attachments. The contributors here belong either to those who practise mainstream Anglo-American philosophy, to the humanist Marxian tradition; but it would be mad to suggest that anything follows about the extent of their radicalism. Ruth Putnam, for example argues that the liberal concern for individual rights presupposes a society in which co-operation can never be taken for granted. Rights are defensive; they set limits on the damage that others can do us. Freedom is maximised when independent agents co-operate contractually; and this suggests that the Rights of Man are essentially the rights of bourgeois individualists.

Professor Putnam need not say so, but this is precisely what Marx complained in 1843. His conception of freedom envisaged a society in which we should not need to be protected from one another, a theme taken up by Adam Schaff when he points out that the concept of alienation illuminates the fact that we need protection not only against other individuals but against the tendency of all social arrangements to get out of their creators' control. The appropriate sense of freedom doesn't so much emphasis *security* as the attainability of harmonious and non-coercive social relationships. Ms Putnam's aims are not the same as Schaff's, of course, for she intends to suggest the bankruptcy of liberal individualism, and he to suggest the problems left over when we've expropriated the expropriators. The interesting fact is that they start from identical aspirations which are, contrary to popular belief, equally defensible in very different idioms.

The second moral is that if you cannot recall the past: you may end up repeating it rather tediously. Stephen Norris here argues that Mill's utilitarianism did not permit him to take *everyone*'s views on public issues seriously, since expert views are plainly more valuable than inexpert ones. This, of course, was what Comte had argued long before Mill wrote *On Liberty*, and was, indeed, one reason why Mill wrote that essay. The question isn't the footling one of whether there are utilitarian arguments for listening to experts, but whether there are utilitarian arguments for doing so sceptically, and whether there are some areas in which utilitarians won't listen to them at all. Edward Kent goes one worse by claiming that Kant's account of punishment holds that criminals are devoid of all rights, mere things to be treated in whatever way we find useful – whereas the whole point of his admittedly rather curious position is to insist that criminals remain responsible moral agents, and therefore have a right to be punished and not *treated*. And even Ms Putnam lets fall the splendidly ignorant observation that a socialist cannot base his opposition to private property in the means of production on a doctrine of personal rights, which would have been unwelcome news to all those who thought that a man's right to the whole product of his labour was precisely what did make capitalist private property illicit.

Ted Honderich's own views are spelled out in *Three Essays on Political Violence*. The title promises both more and less than the contents reveal. More, in that there is not a very great deal of argument about violence, and less in that what there is is a good deal more interesting than yet another inquest into the difference between legitimate force and illegitimate violence could possibly have been. Much of his first essay is about equality rather than violence, and it is notable for a gallant attempt to put forward a defensible egalitarianism – he won't be fobbed off with the formal principle that like cases should be treated alike, nor with the principle that everyone is entitled to respect, if not to decent pay, pleasant working conditions and a secure home; what he defends is the substantive principle that, other things being equal, we should try to ensure that people are about equally contented or discontented. This is, of course, the merest beginning, but at least it's a beginning rather than an evasion of the subject. The second essay deals with the suggestion that features of our obligation to obey the law of the land provide particularly strong arguments against resorting to violence; and the last essay accepts, somewhat reluctantly, that just as equality *may* be promoted by violence, so may the ideals of democracy. Ted Honderich disarmingly says of his discussion of democracy, 'none of this will be amazingly novel stuff', and it is true of most of what he has to say on other topics too that it's not amazingly novel. What it is is clear, rational, and continuously interesting; only the very superior will think this is not enough.

Marina Warner

Conundrum

The Perfect Gentleman by JUNE ROSE *Hutchinson* £4.50

It is of course galling, not to say misleading, to find the entry 'Women' rating a few pages in the index of historical works, as if the female sex were as peripheral to the story of humanity as fleas or poppies. The present desire to propel women from the shadows into the light is therefore welcome, but only if the books written to this purpose do not perpetrate other half-truths, or foist upon the reading public feminine topics of no interest or individuals of no importance. With regard to the role women have played, it is time we jettisoned Johnson's remark – 'we marvel not that it is done well, but that it is done at all'.

June Rose has written a biography of Dr James Miranda Barry, an army doctor from 1813 to 1859. She makes out a good case for Barry's diligence and tenacity as a medical reformer. We hear of Cape Town's earliest successful delivery by Caesarian section: of valiant attempts to clean up the hospitals and barracks of troops in South Africa, St Helena, Malta and other postings; of pioneering concern for the welfare of slaves, lunatics, convicts, and – naturally – women. But Barry's contributions to medical advance lack the fibre needed for a book: a few pages in *History Today* would have dealt with them.

June Rose had another, more pressing, reason to drag this colonial servant from obscurity. When Barry died, the char who laid him out asked for money to keep quiet: she had discovered Dr Barry was a woman. A friend of Barry's, faced with this revelation, rebuked the char and reported to the army: 'I informed her it was none of my business whether Dr Barry was a male or a female and that I thought he might be neither, viz. an imperfectly de-

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veloped man.' But the sordid speculation grew – in South Africa, where Barry served 12 years, and in England, where the Victorians' prurient appetite so much resembled our own. Barry was small, beardless, effeminate, unmarried. But a queer fish isn't necessarily a woman. June Rose struggles – dare I say it? – manfully to turn conjecture into fact. I remained unconvinced.

Miranda, Barry's middle name, was adopted from an early patron, the pugnacious Venezuelan General Francisco de Miranda, and so gives no clue to Barry's sex. Throughout the text is sprinkled with hypotheses ranging from the ludicrous to the lubricious. We are asked, rhetorically, if Barry was the mistress of Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of the Cape. Nothing is adduced as evidence but contemporary tittle-tattle, some of it so unreliable that Barry even figures as Somerset's 'reputed son'.

On the other hand, Barry lived as a man and seemed always to think of himself as a man, flirting, duelling, threatening to cut off men's ears when thwarted, joining gentlemen's clubs, wrangling tirelessly with superiors in his frustrated aims and ambitions. Along the way he also proved himself thoroughly disagreeable. Even Florence Nightingale – no sap she – noted: 'After she was dead I was told she was a woman. I should say she was the most hardened creature I ever met throughout the army.' But June Rose always refers to Barry in the feminine, a decision which twists the social circumstances almost beyond endurance, since everyone around Barry treated him as a man, while such sentences as 'Barry had seen more cruelty and privation than most men of her age and education would ever see' inflict unforgivable violence on the language.

It was legitimate, though it seemed cruel, to ask the Russian shot-putters and weightlifters to submit to a hormone test and thereby prove their femininity, because the arena in which they elected to compete was exclusively physical. But Dr Barry lived a man's life as a man in the full and varied context of human society. She cannot be raised to the pantheon of history's heroines on some evidence of physical abnormality. The freakishness which inspired a little legend is the stuff of Victorian peepshows, and we should not need to drop in our pennies and have a look.

John Naughton

Strong Medicine

The Life Science: Current Ideas of Biology by P. B. and J. S. MEDAWAR *Wildwood* £4.95

Would you deem it correct to refer to 'the *amoeba*'? Do you know how genetic information is stored in DNA and translated into bodily structure? Should a protozoan be regarded as a single cell or a non-cellular whole organism? Is a microbiologist a very small biologist? If you even considered answering the last I fear you are beyond redemption. Return forthwith to the *Dandy*. Otherwise there may still be room for hope. If you answered yes, no, don't know, respectively, to the first three questions for example, then there are definite signs of viable – if misinformed – intellectual life. In which case consider yourself a suitable case for treatment by the Medawars. A full-dosage regimen is available from your bookshop now: 24 chapters at just over 20p a shot, all complete with a glossary of technical terms and quite a decent index. Prescription charges waived for NS readers. Next please.

The medical metaphor is not entirely inappropriate because *The Life Science* is really quite strong medicine – although it comes in deceptively reassuring packaging. According to the blurb, it was written not just for biologists, but also for 'all those who want to master the current ideas of biology without being overwhelmed by factual detail'. Biologists who have spent years groaning under the weight of professional textbooks and learned journals will no doubt wonder what this objective means, and whether it is achievable in a mere 196 pages. And laymen foolish enough to mistake the book for a 'Bluff Your Way in Biology' will find themselves suffering from acute mental indigestion, or delusions of intellectual grandeur, or possibly both.

This is because *The Life Science* is an unusual, highly condensed, demanding book in which two professional biologists – one of them a Nobel laureate – set out to provide a critical synoptic view of their subject. The result is a series of 24 short chapters on subjects ranging from biogenesis, evolution, Lamarckism (again), eugenics, demography, microbiology and molecular biology to immunology, cancer, cells, circulatory systems, hormones, nerves, animal and human behaviour and senescence, including discussions on such thorny subjects as reducibility, emergence and genetic engineering.

This progression implies a conceptual density that is dangerously high – at least for the lay reader. And it also inevitably means that some things are covered better than others. There are many excellent succinct expositions of complex subjects – immunology, molecular biology, cancer and the regenerative capacity of skin, for example – peppered by typical Medawarian aphorisms: a virus, we are reminded at one point, 'is simply a piece of bad news wrapped up in protein'; and a cell is portrayed as 'the parish or administrative domain' of a nucleus. And there is a positively Olympian put-down of Lamarckism and of even the possibility of genetic engineering.

But the breakneck pace of the book is really not suitable for other subjects of equal difficulty and importance: the problems of teleological explanation, for instance; or the ideas of reducibility and emergence; or the legitimacy or otherwise of making inferences about human behaviour from animal observations. I have no doubt that the Medawars would be excellent guides for a conducted tour of this terrain – if only they would remember to pause occasionally to let those less knowledgeable than themselves draw breath and admire the view.

Persona Non Grata
An Envoy in Castro's Cuba
Jorge Edwards

'This skilfully written book, which gains a good deal from being deliberately understated and moderate.' *Hugh Thomas, Observer*

'A major book, brilliantly translated . . . an important contribution to an understanding of developments both in Cuba and in Chile, but it is also meant for all those interested in the plight of intellectuals in authoritarian regimes.' *Richard Gott, Guardian*

TRANSLATED BY COLIN HARDING £6·95

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Stuart Holroyd

'We have in *Psi and the Consciousness Explosion* the very latest bulletin on the health of the inexplicable – psi being the new umbrella word that covers telepathy, déjà vu, precognition and a lot of other inexplicables.' *Nigel Dennis, Sunday Telegraph*

'A tremendously impressive piece of work – perhaps the most balanced and thoughtful account of modern parapsychology that I've ever read.' *Colin Wilson* £4·95

JOHN L. HUGHES
Before the Crying Ends

'John Hughes has captured and mastered the tautly bizarre relationship between the Welsh unbeliever and the God of his fathers. It reads as freshly . . . as when *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* was new.' *Valentine Cunningham, T.L.S.*

'A startingly fresh voice . . . highly recommended.' *Jill Neville, Sunday Times*

'The author has gone outside the usual reaches of contemporary fiction. He's created a narrative which is more interesting and richer in texture than many other first novels.' *Peter Ackroyd, BBC Kaleidoscope* £3·50

BODLEY HEAD

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Russell Davies

Sometimes Not

Behind The Eyes by EDGELL RICKWORD *Carcanet New Press* £3.25
Searching For The Ox by LOUIS SIMPSON *Oxford* £1.95
Man Lying On A Wall by MICHAEL LONGLEY *Gollancz* £2.50
Anchises by C. H. SISSON *Carcanet New Press* £2.00

Pam Ayres is now advertising meat, I see. The Poet Laureate, never the public man his TV chats have made him seem, has had his Jubilee Error committed to print, and set to music by the stroppy man Williamson. Rod McKuen has provided the musical slush to back a nostalgic British sex-dream film called *Emily*. I have been reading some 'serious' poets. What have they been doing?

One or two have been looking back; in Edgell Rickword's case as far as the first world war. No poet ever started out with a more auspicious name than Rickword (Edgell isn't bad either), but he seems gradually to have decided not to live up to it. He moved from an early style which, while it did not put words under any great strain, did have something of the metaphysical sobbing gloat in it, to a distinctly ironic voice, more suitable to the left-wing gadabout of the jazz-and-General-Strike age. From 'The Lousy Astrologer's Present To His Sweetheart':

> No Austin-Seven at my door
> love's chariot was, but jolting trams
> with butts and spittle on the floor
> conveyed your peerless hams.

The Great War seems to have left Rickword with socialism and a powerful libido as his guiding principles – a perfectly natural combination too, in the circumstances. But his desire to versify scarcely outlasted the Twenties. Though his political engagement (through the *Left Review*) was more real than many of the poetical 'leftists' of the Thirties could boast, he was one of the rare ones who fell silent during that decade. The one message to get past his internal censor was the bitterly sarcastic rhyming open letter 'To The Wife Of A Non-Interventionist Statesman' (1938). Full of the simplest loathing for the Fascists, this piece makes its point in the simplest ways, but most prophetically:

> in Hitler's frantic mental haze
> already Hull and Cardiff blaze,
> and Paul's grey dome rocks to the blast
> of air-torpedoes screaming past.

Only a freak alliance between God and Dame Fortune in the Ludgate Hill area prevented the full horror of this vision from being realised.

The 'Later Verses' included in this Rickword collection indicates that he could have gone on being a good, jangling occasional poet: the kind whose Jubilee musings might have called for a musical setting more in the banjo and mouth-organ line. But the shape of his career suggests a man who, after early terrors (the first war poems in the book are the finest for emotional compression) gradually lost the feeling that words should be fought with for their own sake.

I note that the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer, writing of Louis Simpson's *Selected Poems*, has remarked: 'His book is a valuable one, a touchstone for real poetry.' Which suggests to me, though doubtless it was not meant to, that Simpson's work, while not real poetry, sets up 'chemical tests', as it were, by which the real thing can be judged. Such at any rate, is the impression *Searching for the Ox* has made on me. The poems are controlled, civilised, interested in the quality of memory; they have humour and they make sense. But they are statements, like any statements. Poetry, surely, before it moves you, must in a way be seen to move itself. The best Simpson's does here, to my eye, is to administer small shocks to its own system, as in the vision of Flanagan, 'The Midle Aged Man', one of the journalist or publishing figures who emerge from the poet's memories of New York:

> He is wearing an old pair of glasses
> with a wire bent around the ear
> and fastened to the frame with tape.
> He is reading a novel by Morley Callaghan.
> Whenever I wake he is still there . . .
> with his glasses. I wish he would get
> them fixed.
> I cannot sleep as long as there is wire
> running from his eye to his ear.

It is a poetry of such moderation, even in a waking nightmare, that one feels Simpson is dramatising it unnecessarily by arranging it in lines:

> Bill and Marion owned a house in
> East Hampton
> They asked me out one Saturday.
> The children had been given a sailboat –
> there was great interest and excitement

– the voice of diligent recall, scrupulously setting scenes for a larger drama that never arrives, letting the words just stand, calling a halt at some natural sighting-point. There must be a lot more where this comes from.

Michael Longley's poems come at whopping cost to the buyer. But there is some small repayment on most of the 40-odd pages, even if we are never actually showered with poetic coin. There is a poem about a bat trapped in an empty ballroom that has a good stanza:

> We opened a window and shouted
> To jam the signals and, so we thought,
> Inspire a tangent in the tired skull,
> A swerve, a saving miscalculation.

– or a good line, at least; the third, where each of the four stressed words fizzes gently against its neighbour. More of this, please, from everybody. But some vital information is missing from Longley's ballroom – the amount of light in it, for example, which instinct demands to know when there are bats around – and the poem eventually falls exhausted like the bat, who has been undercut in any case by a previous (good) line about the death of bats in general: 'The light bones that fall out of the air.' This concern for fragility is characteristic of Longley. Like many another strapping bearded personage, he takes a breath-holding pleasure in powdery seashells, fuchsia petals, speckled eggs and fledgling's wings. It is the experience of having children that appears to have done this to Longley; he has become a microscopist, brooding on frail miracles.

What to do about C. H. Sisson I do not know. With an infinite, infiltrating subtlety I cannot easily discover in his use of words, he insinuates himself up my nose, and the tender catacombs rebel. Is it that his sense of missed opportunity takes a didactic tone? That his self-alliance with the classical elegists seems grandiloquent? Or that he so frequently sets himself off with a question that proves less rhetorical than it looks? I don't know. I console myself – annoyingly, I expect – with the undoubted truth that resides in Mr Sisson's lines:

> It is idiotic to pretend to
> Any particular knowledge of anything,
> As, the making of soup, writing of poems,
> Things which succeed sometimes, and
> sometimes not.

Derek Mahon

Nice Work

Lady Ottoline's Album Edited by CAROLYN G. HEILBRUN *Michael Joseph* £7.50

I think it was that ass Brian Howard who, not over-anxious for a crack at the enemy, protested to his conscription board: 'But I am the civilisation you are fighting to defend.' Nice work if you can get it. Lady Ottoline Morrell, *châtelaine* of Garsington Manor, Oxfordshire, during and after the first world war, and hostess to a wide circle of writers, artists and aspiring undergraduates, might have made the same claim with more justification. She was also a dab hand with a camera. Her daughter, Julian Vinogradoff, has made the Morrell snaps available, and here is a fascinating selection, mostly taken by Ottoline and some by her husband Philip. She started out with a Vest Pocket Kodak and graduated to a Rolliflex; for developing and printing she relied on first-class London firms.

She clearly understood the value of what she was doing, as no doubt her subjects did too; for they were nothing less than the creators of English literature in the early years of the century. There are many absent faces – no Shaw, Wells, Ford or Joyce – but those who do appear make an impressive list, and it's greatly to Ottoline's credit that, far from being a lion hunter, as Lord David Cecil points out in his introduction, she had a particular soft spot for struggling artists in whom she believed – like Mark Gertler and Dorothy Brett, who figure prominently in these pages. It has long been the custom to make fun of Ottoline, as Lawrence did in *Women in Love* and Huxley in *Crome Yellow* (and her appearance was certainly extraordinary); but if all rich people used their money as she used hers there might be something to be said for inherited wealth.

Garsington started out as a refuge for conscientious objectors, with the locals grinning broadly while aesthetes assigned to war-work tried to make recalcitrant cattle

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go through gates, and went on to become a genuine centre of intellectual life. Aside from Huxley and Lawrence, regular visitors included Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf – the latter, one notices with interest, seldom without a ciggie in her mouth. Here is Eliot, in white flannel trousers with the bottoms rolled; and E. M. Forster with his trousers at half-mast. Here is Robert Graves looking pensive, and André Gide looking rather too sweet to be wholesome.

There are excellent studies of Hardy and Yeats as well. Few of the photographs are posed. Typically, the subjects are absorbed in conversation; sometimes they are playing croquet, or the piano, or the fool; so that one has a very real sense of what they were actually like. The snaps of Ottoline herself are not the least remarkable. Imperious and passionate, with her eye for star quality and her desire for a life lived 'on the same plane as poetry and music', she yet remained a child in many ways. David Cecil tells how a friend was startled to see her pick up a bun from a dusty floor and eat it with zest: '"I love buns off the floor," she said with a sort of stately mischievous glee.' Her very vulnerability to satire was part of her own star quality.

Jeremy Treglown

Fireflies

A Book of Contemporary Nightmares edited by GILES GORDON *Michael Joseph* £4.25
Death of a Schoolboy by HANS KONING *Quartet* £3.95
Turnstiles by URSULA HOLDEN *London Magazine Editions* £4.50
The Lake by YASUNARI KAWABATA *Peter Owen* £3.95

It's the Cup Winners' Cup this week – a Nobel prizewinner, and most of the other authors glittering like syrup-tins with awards and badges of approval. Living up to the accolades must be a strain, and sometimes it shows. There's Angela Carter's narrator in 'The Scarlet House', for example, announcing that she's 'not afraid of encountering Death's grisly skeleton in the gavotte of the arcana', and the anxious wimblings of Penelope Shuttle: 'the secret messages I find sometimes, what can I do with them? Where is my interpreter?'

All this and a lot more stylistic narcissism in *A Book of Contemporary Nightmares* would, but for one exception, send the most uncommitted reader flying into the arms of Trotsky, who didn't think much of that kind of thing. (In *Literature and Revolution* there's a particularly memorable attack on the mystical writer André Biely, 'narrating about himself, walking around himself, sniffing himself and licking himself'.) But this week's political alternative is disappointingly drab. *Death of a Schoolboy*, about the young assassin of the Austrian Archduke Francis Joseph, should have plenty going for it whether as a historical fiction about the immediate cause of World War I or as a study of adolescent idealism or as a terrorist thriller. In the event, given the historical facts and Koning's political slant on them, it's as imaginative as a fruit machine – the limited range of ingredients clicking up in ever-varying but never-paying permutations. Koning is too busy ticking off the appropriate questions – is tyrannicide justifiable? what is the role of art in politics? – to give his central character much particularity, and the historical circumstances are thinly and one-sidedly sketched in.

For a real character in a real situation you have to go back to a good story in Giles Gordon's collection, William Trevor's 'Broken Homes'. Mrs Malby is a widow of 87, living contentedly enough in her married home but always afraid of making some mistake, perhaps through her deafness, which will get her sent off to a geriatric hospital. So she is a compliant woman and when a teacher at the local comprehensive arranges for a group of children 'from broken homes' to repaint her kitchen unnecessarily, she doesn't protest much. They do the job very badly, splash paint on her carpet and play a transistor loudly. Two of them go and have it off in her bed and let her budgerigars out of their cage. It's all powerfully but unostentatiously intensified, and the immediate horror becomes tragic in the context Trevor deftly supplies.

Ursula Holden is not in Giles Gordon's book, though she writes a painful line in nightmares herself. Her previous novel, *String Horses*, has an old lady trapped by her surgical shoes in a merry-go-round, and there's a comparable scene on the dodgems in *Turnstiles*. The sheer vulnerability of some people's lives and emotions, their inability to avoid tragedy, comes over very frighteningly in this new fiction about a woman messed up by her would-be-novelist husband, rescued by his brother for a brief period of happiness with her baby, and then, with the brother's death, taken over again by her increasingly appalling marriage. Miss Holden sees her characters' different points of view very sharply, and these distinctions are neatly conveyed in the way in which the characters' thoughts and dialogue are framed.

For all the believability, though, it's a highly contrived piece of writing in a number of unsuccessful ways. Miss Holden has a mannerism of giving people and places names which may or may not mean something. The acquisitive Primrose Pownde-Welling, for example, has an obvious place in this gruesome game of Happy Families, but the fact that Jordan Cash's unsuccessful novel is called *Jordan's Banks* sets up not only a confused joke about money (he lives in Fyste Close, what's more) but an impossible biblical knot, perhaps involving his wife's name, Ruth. More importantly, the obtrusively symmetrical organisation of the narrative ('*Turnstiles* has the structure of classic drama', the publisher admonishes us) depends on some hefty implausibilities. The symbolism introduced by having Ruth's lover Logan drowned by his ex-boyfriend Leslie, or making her childless nouveau-riche friend Primrose more interested in the doll she has bought for Ruth's new baby than in the baby herself, is too crude to negate the literal-minded criticism that Logan, as presented, would never have been involved with Leslie in the first place, any more than Primrose would have bothered to keep in touch with Ruth. By the end, the diagram has completely taken over from the details and what's left is grand guignol.

Nobel prizewinner Yasunari Kawabata's *The Lake* was first published in Japan in 1954 but has not previously been available in Britain. It's a whimsical, moving piece about a schoolteacher who becomes a voyeur, following women around not with any overtly sexual motive but because they represent the ideal relationships he has lost along with his childhood. There's an attractive incongruity between the Beckettian outcast that Gimpei becomes and the romantic he remains. He hangs a little basket of fireflies on a girl's belt without being noticed, and goes away dreaming that what he has left there is his own glowing heart.

Guy Bellamy
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

In a Paddy

Network *Leicester Square Theatre*
The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane *Plaza 2*
Hedda *Odeon, Marble Arch*
Emily *Plaza 1*

'Author – Paddy Chayefsky': the production notes for *Network* declare an unusual dividend of respect. Nor does the emphasis seem misplaced. This is an exceedingly 'written' film, standing and falling by the words, words, words. That super-professional, Sidney Lumet, directs a strong cast with flair, hell-bent on justifying his reputation as a fast craftsman of cinema, but one doubts if the hottest devotee of *auteur* theory would have detected his as the guiding hand without foreknowledge. As much might be said for *The Hospital* of some five years ago. Chayefsky picked up an Oscar for that: who was the director? (All right, put your fists down. Arthur Hiller is correct.) This new, caustic entertainment starts in no-nonsense style with four TV screens, four newscasters: we move in on the one bottom right and veteran Howard Beale (Peter Finch), about to be fired by the United Broadcasting System because his ratings have slipped. Beale and his news division director and old buddie, Max Schumacher (William Holden), go out and get smashed together, gloriously reminiscing, crazily plotting. Kill myself on screen, says Beale, and Schumacher takes up the gag: 'Suicide of the Week', 'The Death Hour' – 'Wipe that fucking Disney right off the air,' he splutters. Comes the next day and Beale settles before the camera for his last newscast. Casual expertise reigns in the control room; bodies scratch and chat, cues are given; Beale begins and no one much notices, exception made for us. As we wriggle in privileged apprehension, the message suddenly gets through. Someone blurts, 'Howard just said he was going to kill himself next Tuesday.' The overnight joke has turned good and sour, a fantasy become a fact.

During the ensuing confusion, with UBS in an uproar, a fellow mournfully registers the 'fucking phone-calls complaining about bad language' (and the effing-ratio *is* tiresomely high, however authentic) while Diana Christenson (Faye Dunaway), a ballsy young programme exec, is introduced, sharply spotting Beale's renovated potential: 'The American people want someone to articulate their anger for them.' A contrite Howard persuades Schumacher to give him a genuine last chance to make farewell amends and goes on the air again, only to launch into a tirade about life being bullshit. Schumacher, himself fired in the interim, lets him rail on and – to the swallowed surprise of management, beautifully enshrined in Robert Duvall's ruthless Hackett – the lines to the studio are clogged with applause. Howard Beale achieves star status; Diana takes over the news slot, converting it into a three-ring circus complete with such side-acts as Sibyl, a lady-seer, and audience-participation; Schumacher, reinstated, then ditched again, starts an on-off-on affair with Diana; Hackett wheels and deals. Doom is surely somewhere round the corner, but not yet. We hang on to our seats and enjoy the ride. The mad prophet of the airwaves, as Beale is now tagged, has made it to the top again by responding to a mysterious 2 a.m. phone call, walking the streets in a mac and pyjamas, rolling up muttering at UBS so attired to go straight on camera with an eye-rolling Billy Graham bit: 'I want you to get up out of your chair and go to the window and yell, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more".' Mr Lumet capitalises splendidly on this lunacy. A great facade of lit windows holds people howling crescendo into the night. An electric storm does no harm here, either.

But Beale, given to fainting on stage at the close of his jeremiads, is by now programmed for self-destruction. After a diatribe against the Arab interests behind a company about to take over UBS, he is summoned to a hucksterish telling-off by one Jensen (Ned Beatty), a corporate man of power. 'You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr Beale, and I won't have it,' he bellows down the length of a boardroom table sentried with green-shaded lamps. The chastened loonie, and in this strange, sad final performance Peter Finch has hardly more asked of him than alternately to rave and to assume his little-boy-lost face, begins preaching this fresh message – that the world is a college of corporations and the individual no longer of any account – with the inevitable result: a drop in ratings. Hackett and his cronies decide, behind Jensen's back, that Beale is dispensable. Diana, who has been occupied with a sub-plot relating to a 'Mao Tse-tung Hour' she is mounting with the lavishly rewarded connivance of some black terrorists, proposes he should be assassinated in full view of his public and so it comes to pass, a wild trailer for her show.

Network is wowing them in the States and perhaps it is worth remembering that they have a lot more TV than we do, and a lot of it is a lot worse. Chayefsky's script is tremendously 'in', with its constant chatter of ratings, contract clauses, percentages, packaging. 'We're a whorehouse network,' says Hackett early on. The drained, mechanical life-styles of pressured executives is also harped on: Faye Dunaway's terrifying Diana tersely briefs Holden's Schumacher on her previous sexual career ('my husband ran away with his boyfriend', and she is trigger-quick on the orgasm, therefore lousy in bed) before they mate for the first time. This jangly sophistication marries oddly with the wetness of lines like 'It was a many-splendoured night, wasn't it, Max?'. Or does it? Two points here: maybe the author intends to show the marshmallow under the brittle surface and certainly he is aware that Bill Holden starred years back in the movie *Love is a Many-Splendoured Thing.* It would be nice to feel free to laugh with more confidence. Parts of the film are sheer farce: the biddable terrorists wrangling over their contract like capitalist lackeys, the whole business of the newscasting-become-circus. Parts are mixed, or mixed-up, such as Diana's uninterruptable stream of shop-talk as she strips, mounts, reaches a swift, cracking orgasm, and rolls over, with Holden/Schumacher – who stands for what dignity exists in the enterprise – lying back properly speechless. Parts again, a very few, hum with recognisable life: the monologue written for Mrs Schumacher, superbly handed over by Cindy Grover as every abandoned wife, may be a set-piece but it has wounding, wounded vitality.

There is no centre to what goes on, and that is the trouble. Holden's ruffled pride is the nearest thing to a graspable norm and it is no fluke he has the normative lines, rather as George C. Scott did intermittently in *The Hospital.* On the face of it, telly is here the root of all evil, if one needs a simple, single observation to carry away. And yet bets are hedged right to the close, when a voice-over explains we have witnessed the tale of a man killed on camera to make a Roman holiday. Oh, so *that* was the idea, eh? Or of course, there is the venality of that black Ecumenical Liberation Army, with their own version of Patti Hearst in tow. Or the bland internationalism of huge corporations, manipulating faceless masses. Or. . . *Network* is a morality with several morals and these are purveyed at varying moral strengths. It should not be confused with anything so sustained as satire. More like Chayefsky sounding off.

The face that lingers in the memory this week is Jodie Foster's, redeeming *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane.* This anecdote of a brilliant nymphet – does the *Times* crossword, learns Hebrew, reads Emily Dickinson, speaks of Sylvia Plath's suicide – who is left alone in a cottage near the sea, at the mercy of a child-molester and other hazards, wins ungrudging attention uniquely by the attention Miss Foster shows not only when she speaks but when the rest do: staunch, watchful, her chip-toothed face is never off guard, yet never appears to be just acting. Would as much could be said for Glenda Jackson's *Hedda* (whatever happened to Gabler?), which is a performance of such calculated power it blows poor Peter Eyre's meek Tesman into the realm of incredulity: Trevor Nunn directed his own stage version, Douglas Slocombe photographed in rich browns, golds, russets. *Emily* is British soft porn, period 1928, featuring the amusingly named Koo Stark. Is this really the best we can do in the porn stakes for Jubilee Year?

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Art

John Spurling

The Collector

The Queen's Pictures *The Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace*
Terry Frost *Serpentine Gallery, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham*
Scottie Wilson *Artists Market, Warehouse Gallery*
Stephen Amor *House, 62 Regents Park Road, NW1*

Historians will probably have to remind our distant descendants that the first 25 years of the second Elizabeth's reign was a period of alarming inflation, profound changes in the class-structure, crises in national confidence, etc. The popular image will surely be of a time of unprecedented artistic activity, especially in the visual arts: theatre, painting, sculpture. Unprecedented not so much in quality, since we had a good period of native painting between 1750 and 1850 and a good period of native playwriting between 1580 and 1700, as in scope, diversity and energy. If our artists lack – or do not display – some of the particular skills of their predecessors, it is partly because of their greater freedom both from artistic convention and commercial necessity. Exploration, suggestion, quickness (in the old sense as well as the new) are more pursued than complexity or perfection. We shall probably be remembered for our brightly swarming shoals rather than for a few artistic leviathans.

The Queen herself seems as little aware that she is reigning over an artistic bonanza as most of her subjects. She may, for all I know, have seen a contemporary play, but she has not, on the evidence of the pictures she has bought, looked at much contemporary art. Her best purchase is a small, characteristic Alan Davie oil on paper and the collection then declines sharply from desultory examples of the work of Hitchens, Sutherland and Nash to the derivative wastes of Edward Seago, Claude Muncaster and Sir Herbert James Gunn. Topolski's drawing of Lord Boothby, acquired by the Duke of Edinburgh, is briefly amusing and no doubt looks well in some palace bathroom, but the less said about the several Australian pictures, the least offence given.

Of course the Queen already owns a staggering art-collection – this is the fifteenth exhibition it has furnished forth since the opening of the Queen's Gallery in 1962 – and may easily feel that a lot of Leonardos, Michelangelos and Mantegnas, with the odd Titian, Raphael and Rembrandt go a long way. More likely she has no great interest in paintings and indeed might cite those of her ancestors that did as unwise precedents for the careful modern monarch to follow. Charles I's 'insatiable enthusiasm' for masterpieces and his 'scant regard to cost' in acquiring them were clearly all one with his other notorious deficiencies in the job. Much of his collection was sold off by the Council of State after his execution, but some was retrieved to greet his son's return. Among the paintings chosen to represent Charles I's enthusiasm in this exhibition are Rembrandt's 'old woman with a greate Scarfe uppon her heade', who may or may not have been the artist's mother, and a dashing self-portrait, hat titled at a cocky angle, moustaches turned up, by Rubens, which the King had particularly asked him to paint.

George IV was the other passionate royal collector, a patron of contemporaries such as Gainsborough and Stubbs as well as a snapper-up of continental masterpieces dispersed by the French Revolution, but his grandfather Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his father George III were also keen. The latter's attitude, according to Sir Oliver Millar's catalogue, 'was severely practical, charged with prejudice and limited by a sensible use of money which is an inhibiting quality in a collector'. Frederick and George IV were notable for their Flemish and Dutch acquisitions, George III for buying Joseph Smith's Venetian collections, including a wealth of Canalettos.

The first Elizabeth and Victoria were fond of miniatures: there are small likenesses of all the monarchs from Henry VII to Edward VII in this exhibition, and Elizabeth is also represented by a magnificent anonymous portrait, probably done for her father, of herself when young in 'crymson clothe of golde', effortlessly outclassing poor Mary Queen of Scots, whose unlovely, constipated-looking face by Clouet hangs nearby. Victoria and Albert delighted in giving one another paintings, especially early Italians, but their taste in contemporary art was above all for Landseer and Winterhalter – animals and places. So it is an exhibition which, apart from a fine Nash owned by the Queen Mother, trickles sadly away and one finds oneself imagining what might be hung there for the Golden Jubilee, supposing that by some Arabian Nights transformation the Queen's eyes were to be opened to what is being painted under her nose.

She might start by laying out £500 on a Terry Frost from his travelling retrospective now at the Serpentine. *Red and Yellow* is a small bright oil in which a pair of black and white half-moons on a red ground are laced together with a zig-zag of black, yellow and red. It contains several of Frost's simple but effective devices: bold, clear shapes floating against colour; tension exerted against this sense of freedom by the guy-ropes at the centre; while long red and yellow stripes crossing the width of the canvas at the top reassert the freedom of pure colour. The Duke might be tempted at first by Frost's early naturalistic watercolours of his Bavarian prison-camp, but if he could see the point of the slightly later *Walk Along the Quay*, a tall thin painting up which the eye travels as if following its owner's boots in a seaward direction, while colours, shapes, dark and light tones come and go at either side, he would find that he had painlessly crossed the bridge from representation to abstraction. The later paintings open out the space of the canvas, enlarge the design, intensify the colour, but never diverge from this basic idea of finding an equivalent in paint, and sometimes also in collage, for the experience of being out-of-doors in a landscape. Wind, sea and the bobbing of boats, sun, the curve of a valley against the horizon re-emerge in paint as stylised movement, bursts of colour, dipping lines. This is landscape taken, as it were, at the brisk walk. The disadvantage is that once the first exhilarating effect is over, the paintings have no further resources. It is not so much that Frost has sacrificed depth to approachability, as that he seems never to have lost his own sense of excitement at the change from plodding representation to free-flying abstraction. There is perhaps less of the artist in him than of the teacher or pied piper, a man constantly enticing others through the magic door he has opened without ever going further than the threshold himself.

Would the Queen's Golden Jubilee collection be enhanced by a Scottie Wilson? I suspect that Prince Charles at least, with his well-known penchant for the Goons, might be taken with the work of this odd, illiterate semi-tramp, who looked like a music-hall comedian and was given to stock phrases such as 'Life is a jungle'. Not that his work is funny, either in intention or effect, but its eccentricity is compounded of some of the same elements as Goon humour – dream verging on nightmare, a child's view of the world falling just short of adult whimsicality, repetitive motifs, doodling for its own sake. Scottie's pictures are made out of bunches of small parallel lines drawn in coloured ink, the colour often thickened with chalk, and set at angles to one another like cards of wool. His motifs are simplified birds and fishes, with prominent black and white eyes, fairytale castles, flowers and trees with straight, regular branches. The pictures look much better from a distance than from close to – their detail is not up to their overall design. Victor Musgrave's claim that Scottie's work 'penetrates the depth of the psyche' suggests a shallow view of the psyche. There is a whiff of Russian folklore here, certainly, but a much stronger odour of the sampler, with its motto slightly altered from 'God is Love' to 'Greedies is an Evils'.

Stephen Amor's nine large abstracts at House show a rapid and consistent development. The heavy textures and static design of the earlier paintings, an impression of brick walls seen through circles, have become, in the most recent one, translucent slats of colour, arranged in fan-like segments, the simultaneous shadows of a swinging Venetian blind, yellow behind blue behind green, purple, pink, red. Although Amor's prices are still reasonable, the Queen might be wise to wait for his next show when I confidently predict that he will be finding his mature form.

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Television

Ian Hamilton

Loaded

'I've never done anything for money in my life,' said Joe Haines on *News At Ten* (ITN) on Monday night. A nation chuckled, but it should be said that by this stage of the night Haines was a limp punchbag; earlier on, in *Panorama* (BBC-1), Robin Day had 'worked him over' in what Day evidently still thinks of as his fiercest, most crusading, mode. In fact, the Day interview was a disgrace, and came as close as any blood-sport to make one feel sorry for the quarry.

For a start, the questions weren't questions – they were almost invariably accusations. And if Haines looked as if he wished to take his time, collect his thoughts and essay something resembling an accurate reply, the inquisitor became bullyingly tetchy: 'We don't want to go into too much detail on this,' he'd say, when the only possible recourse Haines had was, precisely, to the details. Day knew full well that there were questions which Haines wouldn't answer, that there were questions he might (if he were bullied hard enough) answer evasively, and – most boringly of all – that there were questions that could only be answered at some length. In all cases, the interviewer seemed to me far more interested in loading *his* end of things with righteous innuendo than in any answer, non-answer or evasion that poor Haines might conceivably come up with. We were meant to sit there admiring Day's expert, uncompromising way of stamping on bad persons, and to leer knowingly whenever Haines attempted to embark upon some footling attempt at self-defence.

I would have thought that the case against Haines – that he's been disloyal, opportunistic, gossipy and avaricious – was powerfully established in most people's minds after a week of his *Mirror* revelations, and that this interview would therefore have provided the perfect opportunity to draw him out, to solicit evidence in support of those assertions in his book which are genuinely troubling – for instance, the one about the Treasury rigging a sterling crisis. Day did ask about this, but was so pushing in his insistence that the Chancellor must have known about whatever tricks his civil servants might or might not have been brewing that Haines didn't feel the need to make more than a token effort of reply. We were quickly shunted on to the issues of conscience ('Is this book your idea of loyalty?', 'Don't you put disclosure before obligations of confidentiality?') which Day clearly most enjoyed sinking his teeth into. Here again, though, Haines wasn't allowed enough rope with which to hang himself. No sooner had he embarked on some promisingly elaborate-looking piece of double-think than the clear-eyed Day would pounce – Aha! – and ruin the whole thing.

It was significant that the *News At Ten* interview – gentle, slightly puzzled, happy to sit back and listen – was much more fruitful of self-revelation. Tentatively asked if his position as press secretary wasn't rather like that of a junior courtier and hadn't he thus become jealous of Marcia because she was a rung nearer to the King, Haines released his most human-sounding noise of the evening: 'Being jealous of Marcia was like being jealous of the sun.' Marcia herself had issued a similarly authentic exclamation on the *Today* (ITV) programme when quizzed about the rumour that Jimmy Goldsmith had offered her a directorship of Cavenham Foods; she actually giggled at the thought and, Dick-Emery style, flapped a wristlessly dismissive hand at the interviewer – almost (well, almost almost) girlish for a moment.

Marcia's own ordeal by inquisition had the advantage of being conducted from her bed; the nightie, the lacy pillowslips, the flowers (she's got some friends) and the outside possibility that she might be in pain all helped to calm the atmosphere. In any case, it wasn't at all hard for her to sustain a demeanour of benign contempt towards the Haines figures of this world. Aren't all offices a bit fraught sometimes, don't all important men have secretaries they trust and take advice from, can anyone really believe that a great man like Harold Wilson doesn't make up his own mind about the matters that matter? There was a tone of 'I mean to say, really . . .' running throughout; a tone not in superb accord with her first rejoinders to the Haines revelations, but absolutely the right one to strike – prudently anaesthetic, and able to make the interviewer seem a bit shabby for raking over all this trivial stuff.

Harold himself, interviewed on *News at Ten* on Tuesday night, took, or tried to take, a similarly aloof line. 'A resilient and relaxed character', his aim was to seem to be pardoning the errant Haines ('what he's done is out of character') whilst retrospectively demoting him to the rankest of low ranks. Pressed on the honours' list, Sir Harold made the usual 'it was all mine' noises, but even he couldn't quite keep his eyes static when asked about the Goldsmith elevation. 'If Britain is to survive, I believe in the need for a sort of – a sort of – piratical enterprise in foreign trade.' I'm sorry, Chief, would you mind saying that again?

Granada's *State of the Nation* reconstruction of a cabinet meeting was a handy reminder that not all the heat is in the kitchen. I had my doubts at first about the device of getting political commentators to play the parts of politicians – how could all malice be drained from their performances? – and one spent the first bit of the show noting that Richard Clements doesn't look or talk, or want to look or talk, like Wedgwood Benn, and that Adam Raphael is just a bit keener on himself than he is on Harold Lever. Gradually, though, the arguments exerted their own pull and this vulgar response began to yield a bit of ground. Skilfully, most of the journalists remained journalists but, by means of the odd histrionic touch – a head-scratching, a grimace, a yawn – also kept alive some real dramatic tension. Had any effort been made to 'dramatise' the cabinet's wranglings about how to cope with last autumn's economic crisis there would surely have been a rapid plunge into farce; equally, if these same commentators were to have been lined up to give their individual versions of what happened, it would probably have been a bore. I wouldn't be at all surprised if David Watt picks up more votes than he knows what to do with at the next election.

Lecture

Julian Barnes

Pressure Points

Hard on the heels of Vice-President Mondale, Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary* and author of *Making It*, passed through London last week on a European shuttle bearing qualifiedly optimistic news of the state of his nation. Despite the title of his talk at the American Embassy, 'The Crisis of American Elites', Podhoretz (the only man, so the unkind crack runs, to think that making it means moving from Brooklyn to the Upper West Side) depicted a country which is fundamentally stronger, better and healthier than at the start of the previous phase of Democratic rule in 1960; and his diagnosis of the nation's requirements from its parent leadership was strikingly close to Carter's own. Progress to this conclusion was characteristically schematic, punchy, digressive and gestureful.

For Podhoretz the American governing elites, whether liberal or conservative, have suffered a profound loss of confidence since the early Sixties; and on many issues have reversed their positions like egg-timers. In the Kennedy era the ruling liberals, confident and vigorous (a key word then), had three clear aims: economic growth, expansion of the country's moral and political leadership in the world, and racial integration by swift government action (Kennedy promised to abolish discrimination in housing at the stroke of a pen – but 'he never did stroke that pen'). Today, liberals are bewildered and uncertain: they are sceptical of economic growth, neo-isolationist (the best qualification for the present administration is to have been a hawk up to a certain point and a dove thereafter), and dubious whether integration is possible or even desirable, given that many young blacks, unwilling (in James Baldwin's phrase) to be integrated into a burning house, would prefer community control.

The conservative crisis has been different but equally severe. Lacking a respectable intellectual tradition, conservatives used to promote themselves as different kinds of people. Supposedly they were better managers, tougher on lawlessness, capable of restoring respect for the nation's institutions. For such an elite (however hard and early it tried in some cases to dissociate itself), Watergate was even more deeply ironic, shattering confidence both in and among conservatives.

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The condition of the elites is not, however, indicative of wider disarray. On the contrary: Podhoretz holds first, that American institutions have emerged from Watergate considerably strengthened (Nixon's most unlikely achievement); and secondly, that the American people are now more prosperous, healthy and strong than in the early Sixties. The poor are much less poor, even if the distribution of wealth remains the same as 70 years ago. Blacks are better off by any index (though the figures quoted by Phillip Whitehead on p.220 of this issue hardly shore up this claim). People are better educated and more culturally sophisticated: during the Kennedy-Camelot years, the Federal Government spent nothing on the arts; last year, it spent $100m. Even Gerald Ford changed his mind on subsidies, remarking doggedly, 'A Calder in the centre of the city has helped to regenerate the city.' Similar sophistication and flexibility have invaded political, religious and sexual attitudes: in New York recently, the Gay Activists even challenged their traditional enemies, the City Police Department, to a baseball game in Central Park (though there was no fairy tale ending – in nine innings, the police won by a humiliating 24-0).

Thus the elites, exhausted and demoralised, have become progressively more unworthy of the vigorous people they still presume to lead. If Carter turned out to be the kind of President he claims and Podhoretz hopes, then the US could yet become a fine liberal democracy. The attractive thing about such dissident intellectual populism is its schematic simplicity. Even allowing for lecture-shrinkage, everyone is indelibly characterised: either a little liberal, or else a little conservative; either in the elite, or among the people. The most trenchant question raised afterwards, to which Podhoretz admitted he didn't know the answer, was – where does the cut-off point come between a corrupt elite and a healthy people?

He suggested that it occurred somewhere in the process of elite education, and that the breach began about a century ago, when a patriciate displaced from power, allied to the intelligentsia in its scorn for the main business of society, began to politicise this contempt and opposition. Yet, even accepting this, Podhoretz's theory seemed at several turns too clean to reflect the confusion of political realities. Who, after all, produced the legislation to back the lauded social changes of the last 10 years if not the governing elites who are held to despise and patronise the people? Who voted money for welfare programmes, education and the arts? If Ford changed his mind on Calder, does this automatically mean that he is in a state of crisis, or could it be that he has started listening to the newly sophisticated people? Finally, one reflected that if political elites are dizzy from turning somersaults, then political commentators are sometimes not far behind. Here is Norman Podhoretz, now champion of the humble, attentive style of Presidency, commenting in 1965 on Kennedy (from A. Alvarez's *Under Pressure*): 'His weakness as President was that he did tend to respond to public pressure and he made very little effort to lead public opinion.'

Music

Peter Porter

Revised Version

Beethoven's piano sonatas remain a considerable mystery. Not just for the reason that all great music keeps its ability to surprise the listener, but because their standing as the supreme classics of the piano prevents us from appreciating what remarkable and even bizarre works they are. To some extent, every classic is obscured from us by its reputation. Everybody knows that the 32 sonatas are the pianist's New Testament, as Bach's 48 preludes and fugues make up the Old. And every amateur pianist has played some of them at one stage of his training, even if he hardly got beyond the two sonatas Op. 49. Musical commentators have written about them endlessly, and great pianists have prepared their own performing editions (Bülow and Schnabel notably). But how far does the public's familiarity with them go – or, put another way, how much piety is mixed in with appreciation when a pianist essays the whole sequence, as Alfred Brendel is doing at present at the Queen Elizabeth Hall?

I have found Brendel's playing a revelation – though, before him, Schnabel and Kempff were equally, if differently, inspiring. All three are enthusiastic partisans of Schubert also, which is a telling fondness. Opposed in style as the two composers are, the pianist who appreciates Schubert is likely to play Beethoven the way I like to hear him played. Brendel writes illuminatingly on the approach to piano composition of each in his brilliant book of occasional essays, *Musical Thoughts and After-Thoughts* (Robson £5.25), published recently. He points to Beethoven's pre-echoing of Schubert in the rondos of Op. 31 No 1 and Op. 90, and reminds us that these movements were taken as models by Schubert. Yet Schubert never sounds like Beethoven in his sonatas, not even in the C Minor Op. Post, while Beethoven *does* sound like Schubert. To Brendel's examples, I would add the last movements of Op. 28 and Op. 27 No 1. The pianist as singer is almost as important an approach to playing Beethoven as it is to Schubert.

Among the stories which surround Beethoven's piano sonatas, one of the more disfiguring is the composer's late utterance that the piano was an unsatisfactory instrument. This should be given no more credence than Pound's terminal discounting of *The Cantos*. But it's used, often enough, to lift the last sonatas – from Op. 101 onwards – on to that other-worldly plane where Beethoven commentators love to live. The *arietta* of Op. 111 is profoundly beautiful, but I can find no grounds for thinking it unpianistic, trills and all. Great art always moves within its co-ordinates, and that applies to Beethoven's aspirant art as much as to Mozart's and Schubert's celebrant sort. But it takes pianists who are not percussionists or swooners to make us understand that these sonatas are compositions *for* the piano and not abstract creations *at* it. The 'intractable' piano can prove to be a more satisfying medium even than the 'accommodating' string quartet.

You can hear at least half of the 32 sonatas each month at assorted Wigmore Hall recitals, but when an internationally-known pianist presents them all in a series of concerts in a large concert hall, he is staking out his claim to be the Beethoven-interpreter of our time. And he is probably recording an integral cycle, or hoping to. Alfred Brendel, who is shuttling between London and Munich with his complete cycle, is half way through his second set on records – the original Vienna recordings of the early Sixties for Vox are now available on the cheap Turnabout label and taking advantage of a ten years' improvement in recording technique, he is completing another batch for Philips. He is not unique in this – since the war, both Backhaus and Kempff have issued two sets, and there have been notable complete recordings by Gulda, Arrau and Barenboim, and countless performances of individual sonatas by masterly pianists such as Gilels and Richter. But it is the first and greatest of those who recorded the whole of Beethoven's piano music who comes to mind when considering Brendel – Artur Schnabel. Looking around me at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and seeing so many of our intellectual establishment filling the auditorium (not the musical establishment, that is something different), I felt that the mantle of Schnabel had fallen on Brendel's shoulders. Both are enormously intelligent pianists, but Brendel, though audacious enough, does not take the risks which Schnabel took. The amazing aspect of Schnabel's playing was his indifference to his technical limitations. He would set a speed – it could be very slow or very fast – and somehow make his fingers accommodate themselves to it. As his records reveal, he had that most elusive kind of spontaneity, the sort which goes on sounding spontaneous.

Brendel's technique is pretty well flawless, which makes each of his performances a true example of aesthetic choice. He is less wayward than Schnabel, though the same sense of a controlling mind is present in his playing. A good example occurred in his performance of the D Major sonata, Op. 10 No 3, perhaps the greatest of Beethoven's first period piano compositions. The opening presto, which sounds like a musical illustration of the 'big bang' theory of the creation of the universe, with everything rushing wildly towards infinity, was taken faster than could be done with clarity. The *largo e mesto*, though, was deeper and more beautifully orchestrated by Brendel than I have ever heard from any other pianist. This was undoubtedly great playing. On the same evening, Brendel poured amazing richness of sound and exuberance into the rondo of the *Waldstein* sonata; all the public panopoly of the music was on display.

The rondo of the *Pastoral* and the bell-hung apotheosis of the last movement of Op. 110 were other high points of his playing, but the performance I relished most was that of the little F Major sonata, Op. 54. He discusses the first movement of this elusive work in his book. He sees it as two

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opposed principles – a dolce-grazioso minuet and a wild stampede in octaves – achieving reconciliation by becoming inseparable from each other. He played the octave passage extremely fiercely indeed, and presented the whole movement as one of Beethoven's 'Orpheus taming the beasts' rituals. As a result, it did not fall apart, as it often does, and the way was made clear for a radiantly natural account of the toccata-like second movement.

Brendel's clarity and intellectual force as a pianist is matched in his book by brevity and good sense. His short essays – several on the sonatas of Beethoven and Schubert and the music of Liszt, together with encomia of Busoni and Edwin Fischer – have many aperçus woven into them, as well as much good practical advice. He reminds us that even if the printed editions of the great composers are accurate (which sometimes they are not), musical notation is far from a totally true and unequivocal language. What we hear on a modern piano is a sort of transcription of Beethoven's music, but that can be more rewarding than an attempt to get ourselves back into Beethoven's skin by listening to the sounds of a piano of Beethoven's time. It all depends on the musical mind of the pianist. He permits himself the remarkable phrase 'unsurpassable pianistic perversions' when writing about Brahms's Second Piano Concerto, which one would like amplified, but the only time I questioned him seriously concerned repeats in Schubert – however jerky he finds the transitional bars in the first movement of the B Flat Op. Post sonata, it is always a joy to have the exposition repeated.

There is still one concert of the series to come – at the QE Hall on 21 February. The series will end, inevitably, with Op. 111, but it will also include the lovely sonata Op. 27 No 1, half-forgotten brother of the *Moonlight*. Its last movement is tailor-made for Brendel.

Andrew Clements

The Knack

BBC Symphony Orchestra *Festival Hall/ Radio 3*

Since the first performance in Vienna in 1924, stagings of Schoenberg's short 'drama with music', *Die glückliche Hand,* have been few and far between. One-acters might be bad box-office, but the real reasons for its neglect are the resources it demands and the difficulty of producing it convincingly. For in *Die glückliche Hand* (or 'The Knack', as Hans Keller neatly translates the title) Schoenberg made his only attempt at a *Gesamtkunstwerk* – the Holy Grail for Expressionists in the first decades of the century. In no modern artistic movement were music, literature and the visual arts so inextricably entwined as in Expressionism. The *Blaue Reiter* almanac, published by the painters Kandinsky and Franz Marc in 1912, contained compositions by Schoenberg, Berg and Webern besides poems, art reproductions and articles on art theory; as early as 1909 Kandinsky had written a stage work that combined verse, music and lighting effects. *Die glückliche Hand* is arguably the most successful synthesis of all.

Schoenberg began work on the libretto in 1908, but didn't complete the full score until 1913. So its composition spans the years of his greatest mastery of free atonality – the period that preceded his painful progress towards 12-note technique and included masterpieces like the Five Orchestral Pieces, *Pierrot Lunaire* and the monodrama *Erwartung* (also to be given as a BBC concert on 13 April). The scenario is reputedly autobiographical, but could have been written by Strindberg. A Man (baritone), a successful artist but a failure at human relationships, loses the Woman to the Gentleman (both mimes). Rejected by the Gentleman, the Woman again spurns the Man, who is left as desolate as at the beginning. A chorus comments on the action and takes subsidiary roles. The story is overlaid with a Wagnerian variety of symbols – a love-potion, a bloodied sword, a rock which is transformed into a fabulous beast, the forging of a diadem. All this suggests some obvious operatic parallels: if *Erwartung*, a Freudian exploration of a woman's sexual fears, was an Expressionist's *Tristan, Die glückliche Hand*, with its strands of allegory, mythology and human conflict, has echoes of *The Ring*.

Also Wagnerian is Schoenberg's use of leitmotifs. Where *Erwartung* had been athematic and the listener was given few points of reference, *Die glückliche Hand* assigns both musical fragments and tone colours to the characters. This compresses the action; changes of mood may be registered immediately and pithily. When one of the Woman's motifs returns as a lopsided waltz, we immediately perceive a fall from elevated symbolism to earthy naturalism: in the Man's eyes her affair with the Gentleman has been demeaning. With the score Schoenberg gives details of a complex lighting plot, requiring rapid changes of colour to be synchronised with musical events. This equating of mood and colour is close to Kandinsky's theory of colour expounded in *Concerning the Spiritual in Art* (which drew on Skryabin). When in 1913 Schoenberg discussed with his publisher the possibility of making a film of the drama he mentioned Kokoschka and Kandinsky as possible designers; the setting he said, should aim at the 'utmost unreality'.

In a concert performance, deprived of this suspension of reality, the infelicities of the libretto and the sometimes heavy-handed symbolism show up. But until (if ever) the work is staged in London we must be grateful for such a scrupulously prepared performance as that by Michael Gielen and the BBC orchestra and chorus. Gunther Reich sang the surprisingly slight role of the Man sometimes stiffly although always accurately. The score emerged as glittering and evanescent, tantalisingly complex. As substantial counterweight Gielen conducted Bruckner's Fifth Symphony with power and breadth, failing only to give full measure to the slow movement. Were there to be a ballot for the BBC's next chief conductor, he'd get my vote.

Weekend Competition

No 2451 Set by Maud Gracechurch

English ballad poetry is full of jolly verses about Robin Hood and other glamorous baddies. Competitors are asked for cheerfully folksy ballads about Jim Slater, Amin, Nixon, etc. 12 lines by 4 March.

No 2448 Set by Peter Alexander

Hidden characters in Shakespeare ('Now might I do it, Pat . . .').

Report by Little Keith

The most frequent interloper, of course, was the Swan himself, in various guises: now powerful and popular ('Scotland hath Will to help'; 'I am Edward . . . and must have my Will'), now scorned and ailing ('Will is most malignant'; 'Will is deaf, and hears no needful friends'). Another ubiquitous personage was Ho, the lazy and rebarbative Chinese servant ('Peace, Ho!', 'Stay, Ho!', O villainy, Ho!', and so on). £2 each to John Stanley and Laurence Fowler for documenting these characters. £6 to Mr Jacques, £1.50 thereafter.

Cordelia's obstinate infatuation with a lower-class fortune-hunter, in spite of her brazen acknowledgment of his faults, makes Lear's refusal of a dowry all too understandable: 'I want that glib and oily Art.'

Claudius attempts to discredit Hamlet by attributing to him the paternity of a female child: 'Hamlet, this Pearl is thine.'

Malvolio makes clear both his fickleness and sexual preferences by rejecting Fabian for a soldier: 'Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my Private.' This soldier is later named by Orsino's guard after they have arrested Antonio with him *in flagrante delicto*: 'In Private Brabble did we apprehend him.'

CLIVE JACQUES

Claudius's lugubrious companion: 'Never alone/Did the king sigh, but with General Groan.' JANET TERRY

In *Macbeth* there is not only a chap named Martlett who haunts temples – 'the temple-haunting Martlett' – but a girl called Castle (one of Barbara's ancestors?): 'This Castle hath a pleasant seat.' P. W. R. FOOT

There is another flunkey of Oberon's: 'Fetch me this Herb.'

And Horatio's hushed-up girl friend, whose name Hamlet lets slip: 'Absent thee from Felicity awhile.' ELLA HEWISON

Macbeth's Jewish friend: 'Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,/Malice domestic, foreign Levy, nothing,/Can touch him further.' ROD WOODSTOCK

The Scholar Gipsy in Hamlet: 'But, look, the don, in russet mantle clad,/ Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.'

The ubiquitous Mistress Quickly shows up in *Hamlet* too, in trouble as usual: 'To a nunnery go, and Quickly too.' TOM DONNELLY

Macbeth's expensive minstrel: 'The shard-borne Beatle with his drowsy hum/Hath rung night's yawning peal.' E. O. PARROTT

The retaliatory footballer from *King Lear*: 'Moore sinned against, then sinning.'

TIM HOPKINS

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Tony Miles
Chess

No 21 **Anatoly Karpov**

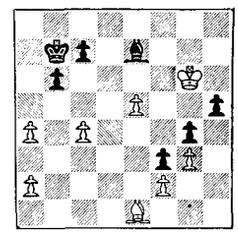
Despite his terrible start – two draws and the horrible loss to Geller which I published some weeks ago – Karpov added the recent Soviet championship to the impressive collection of first places he has taken since gaining the world title. From his last fourteen games he accumulated eleven points without defeat to haul himself clear of the field and win his first national title. Behind him came Balashor, Petrosian and Polugaevsky with such names as Smyslov, Tal and Geller further back. The strength of the event can be judged from the fact that Romanishin, who demolished this year's Hastings premier, lost no fewer than seven games in scrambling just 50%. The following game, one of the most interesting of the competition, sees an uncharacteristic degree of aggression from the world champion as he strives to catch the tournament leaders.

White: A. Karpov. Black: J. Dorfman.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. N x P, N-KB3; 5. N-QB3, P-K3; 6. P-KN4. A signal of what is to come – by far the sharpest line against this move order. **6 . . . B-K2. 6 . . .** P-KR3 is also possible, and **6 . . .** N-B3 may be more accurate than the move chosen. **7. P-N5, KN-Q2; 8. P-KR4, N-QB3; 9. B-K3, P-QR3; 10. Q-K2!** Much better than 10. Q-Q2. On K2 the Q defends the vulnerable square QB4 whilst preparing to castle Q-side and develop the KB to KR3 where it would be excellently placed to support a K side P-storm. **10. . . . Q-B2; 11. 0-0-0, P-QN4.** This does not turn out well, but it is difficult to suggest a constructive alternative. **11. . . .** 0-0 leaves white with a ready-made K side attack. Possibly **11. . . .** N-QR4 could be tried. **12. N x NI** Preparing the ensuing sacrifice. **12. . . . Q x N; 13. B-Q4, P-N5.** Accepting the challenge, but there was little choice. **13. . . .** P-K4; 14. B-K3 leaves W with the advantage and 13. 0-0 does not look inviting. This all goes to cast doubt on 6. . . . B-K2. Indeed, although it seems an innocent enough developing move, black does not wish to play 0-0 early, if at all, since it only encourages white's attack, and consequently . . . B-K2 just weakens the KN2 square, something which Karpov exploits in the simplest manner by 13. B-Q4. **14. N-Q5!** Obviously not 14. N-N1? P-K4. Now in return for his piece white gets 2Ps, fixes the BK firmly in the centre and leaves the black pieces rather unco-ordinated. **14. . . . P x N; 15. B x P, R-KN1; 16. P x P, Q-B2; 17. B-B6, N-K4.** If 17. . . . N-B4?; 18. R-K1, R-R2; 19. B x B, Q x B; 20. Q-Q1 wins material. **18. B x N, P x B; 19. P-KB4.** White abandons all ideas of playing for mate and instead plays to overwhelm black with his P-mass. **19. . . . B-KB4.** Not 19. . . . P x P or P-K5 because of 20. P-Q6. **20. B-R3.** 20. P x P is also possible, intending to meet 20. . . . R-B1 with 21. R-R2. **20. . . B x B; 21. R x B, R-QB1; 22. P x P, Q-B5.** Trying to achieve some activity White must not exchange Qs as his advanced Ps might then become vulnerable. In the following complications black is hampered by his inability to bring his KR into play. **23. R(Q1)-Q3, Q-B5ch; 24. K-N1, R-B5; 25. P-Q6, R-K5.** If 25. . . B-Q1; 26. P-K6 is decisive. **26. R(R3)-K3, R x R.** The wild 26. . . . R x NP?! loses to 27. P x R, B x NP; 28. P-Q7ch, K-Q1; 29. Q-N2! R x R; 30. Q-R8ch. **27. R x R, Q x RP!** On 27. . . . B-B1; 28. Q x RP or 27. . . . B-Q1, P-K6 or 27. . . . R x P; 28. P x R. B x NP; 29. P-Q7ch! K-Q1 (or . . . K x P; 30. R-Q3ch and 31. R-Q1); 30. Q x P, **28. Q-B3!** Not 28. P. x B. Q-R8ch; 29. Q-K1, Q x Qch; 30. R x Q, R x P. **28. . . Q x P.** If 28. . . . B x P; 29. P-K6! P x P; 30. R x Pch, K-Q1;31. Q-QB6! and on 28. . . . R x P; 29. Q-B6ch, K-B1; 30. P x Bch, K x P; 31. P-R4 should win. **29. R-K1.**

According to the Russian periodical '64' 'A so-called quiet move'. Almost all the spectators thought white should play 29. Q-B6ch with equality. But is it equality? I shared the opinion of the spectators that white should play 29. Q-B6ch but I felt that after 29. . . . K-B1; 30. P x Bch the position was clearly in his favour because of the exposed black King. However, the question which caused me much more confusion was why black did not now play 29. . . . B-Q1 (a move not even mentioned by '64'). Consequently I am offering a £5 prize for the best analysis of the position after 29. . . . B-Q1. **29. . . . Q-N7; 30. Q-B5, R-N3.** Possibly 30. . . . Q-N5; **31. R-KB1, Q-Q4; 32. P x B, K x P.** Material equality has been restored but the BK remains vulnerable. **33. Q-B4, P-QR4; 34. Q-R4ch, K-K1; 35. Q x RP, Q-B6; 36. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 37. Q-R4ch, K-K1; 38. Q-QB4, Q-N2; 39. P-QN3, R-K3; 40. R-KN1.** A surprising decision – returning the P and relying on tactical play against the BK. I doubt whether its objectively best – why not play 40. . . Q-B5 first – but it turns out well enough **40. . . R x P; 41. R-N8ch, K-K2; 42. Q-R4ch, K-Q2; 43. Q-B6, R-K2; 44. Q-B5ch, K-Q3; 45. Q x RP, R-K4; 46. Q-Q8ch, K-K3; 47. K-N2, P-B3; 48. R-B8, Q-KN2; 49. Q-B8ch, K-Q4 and black resigns.**

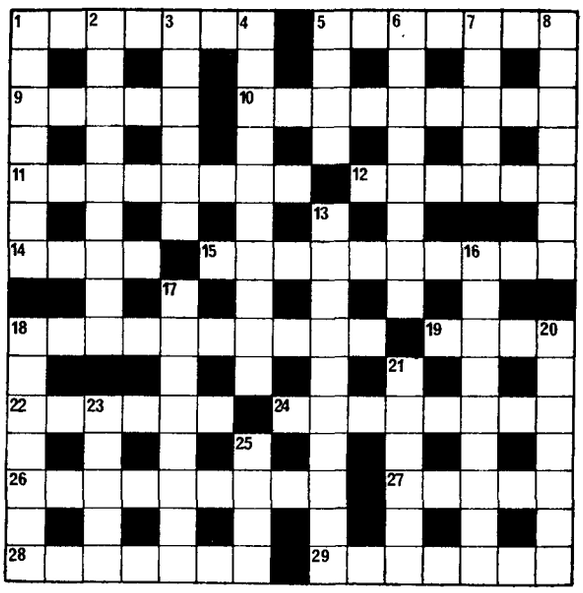
Problem 21:
Black to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 2 March 1977.



Solution to Problem 19: 1 . . . R x P! 2. R-Q2 (if 2. R x B, P x B; 3. Q x P, R-QB2! or 2. K x R, R-N2 ch), R-N8ch! Resigns. If 3. K x R, R-N2 ch and 4. . . Q x Q.

Weekend Crossword 1203

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1203, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 1 March.



ACROSS

1. At intervals returns about a thousand and leaves in secret (7).
5. Diminished bureaucratic formalities in reverse (7).
9. Instrument with which the great performer grips one (5).
10. The villain gives one a beer mixed with port (9).
11. The girl in it is after a drink for the cow (8).
12. Give credit to goddess in difficult situation (6).
14. Painful return of love (4).
15. Weighty conversations for birds (10).
18. Key simple for a lake (10).
19. To be in at this is to back up (4).
22. Used at table for a game with relations (6).
24. The last nude is destroyed and not preserved (8).
26. Englishman who has sticks put back in a frame (9).
27. 'Here, where men sit and hear each other ——' (Keats) (5).
28. Takes a cyclical course, so there is a set-back to the succession (7).
29. Hates in play which divide test sides from each other (7).

DOWN

1. Runs away from just reward (7).
2. A boat can exist without a river (9).
3. Kind of sheep which spends a short time outside the country (6).
4. Time for a man to be held in a snare (10).
5. Notice rising leaders? (4).
6. Draw out the argument in favour on the pamphlet (8).
7. What Cassius does much (5).
8. Clothing shows prison workers have lost war (7).
13. Enter Dench in disguise, well established (10).
16. Lost Arabs may be discovered by a bird (9).
17. Gave about ten cents as a deposit (8).
18. Place demolished in words (7).
20. News of the sea's behaviour? (7).
21. Make the sailor reach his mark (6).
23. Assume one is in a job (5).
25. Drink as a fish (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1201

B	O	S	W	E	L	L		D	E	N	M	A	R	K
E		U		P		A		I		E		P		I
R	A	B	B	I		I	N	S	E	R	T	I	O	N
T		E		T		R		C		I		N		D
R	E	D	R	A	W		P	O	R	T	U	G	A	L
A		I		P		M		U		E				E
M	A	T	C	H	B	O	A	R	D		A	W	E	D
		O		S		D		A		B		R		
B	A	R	D		H	U	N	G	E	R	F	O	R	D
E				M		L		E		O		N		A
H	A	T	H	A	W	A	Y		D	O	G	G	E	D
O		E		N		T		S		K		N		D
V	E	S	P	A	S	I	A	N		I	C	E	N	I
E		T		G		O		I		N		S		E
D	I	S	C	E	R	N		P	E	G	A	S	U	S

Prizewinners to No 1201

R. A. Dunhill (Peterborough)
C. A. Parrott (Rio de Janeiro)
B. Rees (London SE15)

Holidays/Travel

FRENCH CONNECTION. If you and your spouse enjoy talking French, why not spend a few weeks as paying guests in a French home discussing art, literature, philosophy, politics, farming, etc. and enjoy the good food? S.a.e. to En Famille, Queens Lane, Arundel, Sussex.

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Vol. 93 No. 2396

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'CHINA AFTER MAO', Speaker Professor S. R. Schram, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University. 6.30 p.m. Wednesday 23 February. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, WC2.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Dickson Mabon, Minister of State for Energy, on 'Britain's Energy Policy'. 23 Feb. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection: all welcome.

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BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 19 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 22 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Zen Centre Public Lecture 7 p.m. 'Basic Buddhism' – Irmgard Schloegl. Wed. 23 Feb. 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' - two separate Study Classes -6.30 p.m. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY, Simple talks for inquirers: Sun. 20 Feb. 8 p.m. 'Man's Psychic Faculties'. S.a.e. free pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SUNDAY 20 FEBRUARY. Young Mapam invites you to hear Uriel Gonassar on the forthcoming Israeli Elections. 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, London NW6 (Finchley Road Tube).

PUBLIC MEETING

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